

Sports Illustrated

NOVEMBER 23, 1970 60 CENTS



**THE OLDEST PRO
STRIKES AGAIN**

*Oakland's George Blanda
Beats Denver*

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GRUEN

New lightweight engine of Reynolds Aluminum powers McLaren team to Can-Am win.



Championship team switches to new engine made with Reynolds Aluminum for Oct 18 victory at Laguna Seca.

On the Canadian-American racing circuit, the announcement of a McLaren team victory is not earth-shaking. After all, the team was the undisputed champion last year and the year before, winning all 11 racing events in 1969.

Driver Denis Hulme's Laguna Seca win for the team a news because he did it with a new engine, made with a new Reynolds Aluminum alloy which eliminates cylinder liners and saves

even more dead weight. It's news because a championship team had the confidence to change a winning design to make it even better.

And it's news because it puts a big "proved" stamp on major development in automotive aluminum.

The Reynolds Automotive Team, the RAT Patrol, put years of development work into this new high silicon alloy. Their aim was to help make the aluminum engine a practical reality, not only for racers like McLaren's, but for passenger cars as well. It is, in fact, the same alloy being used in the engine of a new U.S. family car, the Vega 2300... proving that the weight-saving abilities

of aluminum can pay dividends anywhere.

Lighter engines mean better performance, improved handling, and efficiency. A lighter car starts faster and stops quicker.

And the McLaren team has proved it for the RAT Patrol and for every car owner.

Reynolds Metals Company, leading supplier of aluminum to the automotive industry, P.O. Box 27003-LD, Richmond, Virginia 23261.



REYNOLDS
where you know what you're getting in
ALUMINUM

The mother got over her rubella in three days. Unfortunately, her unborn child didn't.



To pregnant mothers, rubella (German measles) means a few days in bed, a sore throat, a runny nose, temperature, and a rash.

But if they're in their first month when they catch it, there's a 40% chance that to their unborn babies it can mean deafness, or a heart condition, or brain damage, or cataracts which cause at least partial blindness.

Only last year, an immunization against rubella became available. But when a pregnant mother

gets immunized, the prevention may be as harmful to her baby as the disease.

So if unborn babies are going to be protected, it will have to be by inoculating the kids who infect the mothers who in turn infect the fetuses.

And it will have to be done now.

You see, rubella epidemics break out every six to nine years. The last outbreak was in 1964. Which means the next one is due any day now.

In the last epidemic, 20,000 babies were deprived of a normal childhood — and 30,000 more deprived of any childhood at all — because no immunization existed.

It would be unforgivable if the same thing happened again because an immunization existed and nobody used it.



Metropolitan Life

We sell life insurance.
But our business is life.

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, except one issue in year end, by Time Inc., 340 North LaSalle, Chicago, Ill. 60610, principal office. Registered Copyright, New York, N.Y. 10020. James R. Sherry, President, Richard B. McGonigle, Treasurer, John F. Harvey, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, Puerto Rico and the Caribbean islands, \$12.00 a year; military personnel anywhere in the world \$8.50 a year; all others \$16.00 a year.

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Next week

COLLEGE BASKETBALL begins a new season. UCLA, who else? is favored to win the NCAA championship again, but several teams, notably South Carolina, Jackson State and Marquette, have a good shot at the Bruins. So, to a lesser extent, do others of the 50 or so teams scouted by SI. Curry Kirkpatrick analyzes UCLA's success and the ways of its remarkable coach, John Wooden. There is a color gallery of new arenas, reports on two superb small college teams and, with apologies to nobody, a tribute to girls' basketball. Along with this, all the news on football and other fronts.



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This superb fiberglass ski floats through powder. Holds on ice. Slices through cut-up snow. It's ideal on packed powder. Lightweight. Strong. Responsive. Turns easily. Helps you improve your skill in all conditions.

Suggested retail \$155.





Goodyear 4-wheel control stops a car up to 50%^{*} shorter in this test on glare ice

Car A had regular winter tires without Safety Spikes. It was driven onto the glare ice at 20 mph—brakes applied at the stop signs. It skidded dangerously, through one barrier and then another. On any icy road, where would *that* skid have landed you?

Car B had winter tires with Safety Spikes on the rear wheels only. Same speed. Brakes were applied at the same place. The result was a more controlled stop, but the car still skidded through the first barrier. Is that enough margin of control for your winter driving?

Car C had new Goodyear Pathfinder Polyglas tires on the front. Goodyear Suburbanite Polyglas tires on the rear—all with Safety Spikes. Brakes on, at the same speed, same spot. What a difference! A controlled stop with no side skid.

Goodyear Polyglas tires with Safety Spikes on all four wheels are the big news for this winter

Goodyear Pathfinder Polyglas tires are the *first* front-wheel winter tires designed especially for Safety Spikes. Together with two Goodyear Suburbanite Polyglas tires

with Safety Spikes added on the rear wheels, they give you more control on ice than you ever had before. Goodyear four-wheel control.

^{*}50% improvement relates to a comparison of a car equipped with four spiked tires versus a car with four non-spiked tires. This test was conducted on a frozen arena with ice temperatures at 25° to 30° F. At lower temperatures spikes are less effective and, therefore, lose some stopping efficiency.



GOODYEAR
The only maker of Polyglas tires

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For some of the people all of the time.**

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If you like it, you'll love it.

The 1971 Javelin's styling is so daring it may even turn
some people off, but the rest will see it as part of their life-style.
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The Javelin is one of the three out of four leading cars
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chassis frames, wheels, hubs, drums, brakes, and disc brake parts.



BOOKTALK

The seaming winner of a round-the-world yacht race never went round the world

Who among us has not been tempted from time to time to exploit a felicitous misunderstanding and take full credit for a piece of good work we did not accomplish? Or bask in the reflected glow of a compliment we did not really intend? Most of the time such temptations are fairly quickly removed by the sudden appearance of the true facts: the creator of the good work shows up, or the complimenter perceives your real meaning. At that point, most of us give a cough of embarrassed deprecation and admit the truth. Thanks anyway.

But a man named Donald Crowhurst was one who didn't. He let a false impression get out of hand—indeed, he fostered it until it consumed him. In the end, recognizing the futility of maintaining the deceit, he seems to have chucked himself into the middle of the Atlantic Ocean to escape the embarrassing consequences.

Crowhurst's deceit would seem, on the face of it, rather easily disproved. As a competitor in the *Endless Sundeis* Times round-the-world yacht race in 1968, he duped most of the world into thinking he had circumnavigated the globe and was in contention for victory. The fact was that he had never left the Atlantic. Considering how crowded the Atlantic is these days, it is astonishing that someone didn't bump into him one afternoon and ask, "What the hell are you doing here?" But no one did.

The open sea is vast, and if you avoid the main shipping lanes you can lose yourself on it for years and not see another ship. In that regard, Crowhurst knew what he was doing. His aborted voyage took him along lanes seldom traveled by other ships and, whether by instinct or calculation, he understood precisely how far he could go in withholding information as to precise locations, weather reports and sea conditions from his own backers and race officials. Only one man perceived the flaws in Crowhurst's dispatches and urged caution. Not surprisingly, the man was Sir Francis Chichester, who had been there and knew.

What gets into a man like Crowhurst? Or what had already got into him that caused the compass of his mind to deviate? Nicholas Tomalin and Ron Hall, a pair of British writers, have managed in their new book, *The Strange Last Voyage of Donald Crowhurst* (Simon and Schuster, \$7.95), to find many of the answers at the capricious swarms of the three log books that survived aboard Crowhurst's abandoned trimaran, *Teignmouth Electron*.

The three logs are veritable casebooks of a man slipping into madness. From the earliest jottings, describing his difficulties with the intested vessel and his recurrent broad-

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Shown: Solid ballless style and sporty ball loop model, sizes 28 to 48.

MACLEAN SLACKS AND NYGUARD ZIPPERS a tough team on the pro tour.

BOOKTALK *continued*

ing over the wisdom of his voyage, to the lost ones, where his obsession with fate, God and death overcame him. Crowhurst's own records provided Authors Tonnah and Hall with rarely discovered insights into a literary subject.

Not the least of their problems with the logs was the reconstruction of Crowhurst's actual (as opposed to bogus) voyage. For, although he held back nothing of a personal nature that one can tell, he was an egotistically bad sailor and navigator, and his log on this score is highly unreliable. This failing seems to have started all the trouble in the first place.

During the first few weeks of his trip, Crowhurst encountered colossal difficulties: leaking hulls, a flooded generator, communications failure. While he grappled with these, his "sailorizing," as Clichester called it, suffered. His progress fell to less than 50 miles a day; he had predicted more than 200; and so, to put the best possible face on matters, he let his dispatches become increasingly obscure. "Heading Azores," he wired when he had barely reached Portugal, and then, two days later, "going on toward Madeira," which would have meant a change of heading of almost 90°. Nobody noticed.

By such increments he got himself deeper and deeper into his deception until he had London believing he was rounding the tip of South Africa and having radio problems (a device to set up the ensuing months of silence while he supposedly crossed the Indian and South Pacific Oceans).

During his radio blackout he put in for repairs at an Argentine backwater port, then stalled for a period of better than a month, avoiding other sea traffic, and getting ready for his reappearance, allegedly rounding Cape Horn and heading for home. When he came back on the air, London was ecstatic. His progress across the South Seas had been fantastic, and the race leader, Commander Nigel Tetley, pushed his vessel a little harder—bringing on the final irony.

Finishing second was, at this point, just fine with Crowhurst, who at all costs wanted to avoid the close scrutiny that victory would bring. But then, nearing the coast of Spain, Tetley's vessel broke up. Crowhurst suddenly had no serious opposition, and he began his final emotional collapse. At this point the journal becomes a visit to *inferno* ("I cannot see any 'purpose' in game. It is finished—it is finished"), until he describes the moment he will die: "I choose I will resign the game 11:20:40. There is no reason for harmful." Elocution words.

Messrs. Tonnah and Hall have not produced a literary masterpiece, but an adventure story of remarkable depth—as deep, let us say, as a man's madness.

—DOV ANDERSON



EARLY SANTAS GET THE BEST SEATS

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Channel 2

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RCA



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NFL STRATEGY is no toy.
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playbook to teach you how to
chart the game plans. You'll
learn probabilities as you make
calls from 34 offensive plays and
12 defensive sets.

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Temptation • *French* • *Merduel* • *Artie Shaw* versions
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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT CREAMER

OUT OF THE MOUTHS

Near Chicago a grandmother took her 4-year-old grandson and 7-year-old granddaughter for a ride in her small car. The youngsters began squabbling over which would get to sit in the front seat. "If you don't let me sit there," the 4-year-old said to his sister, "I'll chop your head off." The 7-year-old shrugged. "Who cares?" she said. "With all this pollution we'll be dead soon anyway."

ON THE BEACH

When word got around last week that NFL clubs were being subpoenaed by a federal grand jury rumors spread that it all had something to do with Walter Beach, a cornerback with the Cleveland Browns from 1963 to 1967. Beach, now a second-year law student at Yale, at first refused to comment, but in a little-noticed interview over New Haven radio station WELI he admitted, "I might have a lawsuit pending against the National Football League and the Cleveland Browns because they prevented me from playing football. I played in the NFL and started for four years. The fifth year I was reading *Messiah to the Black Man* by the Honorable Elijah Muhammad. The Browns said I should not read this type of material. I'm not a Muslim, and I'm not going to be a Muslim, but from that time on I had trouble. This was during the Black Power rise, when they first started to wear Afros. I was exerting my rights in terms of conversation."

The Browns say Beach was injured in his last season with them and lost his starting position. The following summer, they say, he did not want to accept a backup job and Owner Art Modell let him go. Last week, Beach told Sports Illustrated Correspondent Bill Guthrie, "Two days before camp opened in 1967 I went in to see Modell. He told me, 'We've decided to put you on waivers. You can't make our team.' " Beach said he then found himself unwanted by any club, including the brand-new New Orleans Saints, who had yet to put a

squad on the field. "The Saints had such outstanding cornerbacks," he said, "that they didn't need my skills. All of a sudden, I was mediocre."

The point at issue in Beach's argument—legally, at any rate—is not racism but monopoly. He claims that he was blackballed for his off-field activities, that his opportunity to earn a living at his trade was denied him by an illegal agreement among NFL clubs. The ramifications of his suit—the grand jury hearing is to get under way this week—could open a very big can of worms.

BID AND ASKED

It's probably too late now, but a couple of weeks ago want-ad columns in the *Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch* were doing a land-office business in tickets for the Ohio State-Michigan game this Saturday. One ad one day said "Four OSU-Mich. box seats, \$400 today and I'll give you \$30 binoculars as bonus. Also will lend a stadium parking permit. Pressing bills only reason for selling." An inch or so farther down in the column there was an ad from the other side of the fence, a no-nonsense request that said: "Wanted, 12 tickets to Mich. game Nov. 23. No singles \$10 each." Bid and asked prices seemed far apart, but we hope that somehow a compromise was reached, that the 12-ticket seeker will be ensconced in Ohio Stadium Saturday and that the \$400 man is happily paying off his grocer, or hookmaker.

SOME BAY AREA

Talk about regional basketball teams with multiple home courts, like the Floridians and the Carolina Cougars, how does the San Francisco-Oakland-St. Louis Warriors sound to you? Franklin Muehl, owner of the Warriors, has been listening to Ben Kerner, who sold his St. Louis Hawks to Atlanta two years ago. Kerner wants to buy 30% of the Warriors and put on half the club's home schedule in the new St. Louis auditorium. Muehl has had only one profitable sea-

son in the San Francisco Bay Area since 1961, and last year the club is said to have lost \$900,000.

If the deal goes through, maybe the team's name should be changed to the Bay Area Mississippi Madcats.

THE COSMETIC OLYMPICS

Remember when woman athletes used to be considered oddball behemoths, Big Berthas, Powerful Katinkas? That's well in the past now, and the future is making sure of it. At the Munich Olympics in 1972 little "cosmetic cabins" will be on hand near the victory stands in the various venues. Woman distance runners can renew their makeup before presenting themselves for their medals. Woman swimmers can do something with their wet and tangled hair.

And the cosmetic cabins are not just for the women. Shotputters, boxers, marathon runners, all can take a couple of



minutes to make sure they look all right before going on TV. It is also expected that those who present the medals will freshen up first, too. Can't you just see Avery Brundage dusting a shiny spot on that massive dome of his?

NO TWO BIT, HE

Quarter horses are supposedly poor relations of the thoroughbreds that race in prestige events like the Kentucky Derby, but everyone knows by now that quarter horses can make a bundle of money (the world's richest horse race is the \$670,000 All-American Futurity for 2-year-old quarter horses at Rudloski

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Down in New Mexico). Yet it still comes as something of a surprise to discover how dripping with gold some of these fast-stepping animals are. Easy Jet, a 3-year-old, has collected nearly \$500,000 by winning 27 times in 38 starts (he's been out of the money only twice). Moreover, his income is augmented by stud fees. Even though he is still actively campaigning, Easy Jet was taken out of training for the first half of this year and bred to 136 mares. At \$2,000 a live foal, that means he could earn \$272,000 for one breeding season. And his stable says next year the fee will be \$2,500.

CASUALTY LIST

Let's you forget that football is a rough game, know that a report in mid-November from the NFL listed the following injuries: **215**—Woodall (chest), Thomas (ankle), Thompson (shoulder), Philbin (foot), Benson (rib cartilage), Ramey—Long (knee), Snow (knee), Boughan (arch), Smith (hamstring), Brown (groin), Williams (knee), Klein (knee), Lyons—Owens (shoulder separation), Walker (arch), Vikings—Eller (charley horse), Krause (bruised forearm), Alderman (neck), Raiders—Lamônica (bruised shoulder), Baehler (ankle), Wells (shoulder), Broncos—Brunelli (knee), Whalen (ankle), Washington (ankle), Thompson (knee), Buchanan (knee), Redskins—Schoenke (knee), Giants—Williams (knee), Eaton (hamstring), Chris—Brown (ankle), Taylor (shoulder), Budde (bruised thigh), Steelers—Calland (charley horse), Beatty (arm), Bankston (shoulder separation), 49ers—No reported injuries. **Oilers**—Johnson (bruised knee, but see item at right called "A Break for Charley"), Hopkins (ankle), Atkins (hamstring), Browns—Kelly (ankle), Jones (bruised shoulder), McKay (knee). **Broncos**—Beauchamp (rib), Lewis (ankle), **Chargers**—Rice (toe), Briggs (knee), Hadl (calf), Garrison (ankle), Garrett (ankle), Foster (ankle), Frazier (hand), Fletcher (hamstring), Schmedding (shoulder), **Patriots**—McMahon (broken ankle), Webb (knee), Sellers (foot), Montier (calf). **Bills**—Simpson (sprained knee), Moses (hamstring), Brescoe (shoulder), Cowlings (ankle), Marchlewski (neck), Reilly (ankle), **Cowboys**—Hinton (leg), Jefferson (groin), Hill (knee), Smith (knee), Miller (rib), Havrlyak (knee, shoulder). **Bears**—McRae (leg), Shy (foot), **Packers**—Starr

(sore right arm), Williams (ankle), Bowman (shoulder), Carter (knee). **Saints**—Baker (knee), Howard (groin), Nevett (knee), Dolphins—Kirk (back), Talbot—Malone (mouth). **Eagles**—Ponder (bruised back), Bougess (thigh), Sneed (knee), Nelson (thigh), Tom (ankle), Jones (bruised shoulder), Calloway (knee), Nordquist (hip), **Cardinals**—Edwards (ankle), Bakken (knee), Hutchison (knee). **Cowboys**—Norman (groin). The league also noted that the following players had been dropped from active rosters in November because of injuries: Breitenstein, Fulcomer, Lassiter and Williamson, Patriots: Hester, Bears: Wheelwright and Livingston, Saints: Stewart, Jets: Austin, Steelers: Earlier casualties, like Namath, Snell and Sayers, are not included in this report.

BIG ONE

In Milwaukee, when someone gets something in the eye at a Hawaiian-style cook-out they call it a luau cinder.

A BREAK FOR CHARLEY

Three weeks after breaking his collarbone Houston Oilers Quarterback Charley Johnson was playing football again. Johnson's collarbone broke into three pieces when Charley landed heavily on his left shoulder while trying to make a tackle after one of his passes was intercepted. The operation to repair the collarbone may have been the first of its kind ever attempted, and Johnson's quick recovery may also have been a record. One of the orthopedic specialists who treated Johnson said, "In his eagerness to play he wanted us to devise some method by which he could return to action as rapidly as possible." The doctors therefore adapted a technique previously used in the repair of large bones in the arm or leg. A heavy compression plate immobilized the broken fragments, which were anchored into place with six heavy screws. The plate holds the fragments in place while the bone heals. Johnson was throwing a football (he is right-handed) three days after surgery and in a little more than two weeks had regained full and painless use of the shoulder.

The orthopedist admitted that the technique was radical for such an injury, since simpler methods of repair are available, and he feels the procedure used will draw criticism from some of his colleagues. One of the drawbacks is the pres-

continued

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SCORECARD *continued*

ence of the plate. It may have to be removed in the future, which would require another operation with a general anesthetic. Simpler devices, like pins, can be removed in a minor procedure under local anesthetic. But the simpler methods require a longer period of inactivity, and Johnson wanted immediate results. If his injury had been treated in the usual way, the quarterback would have been out for the rest of the season. As it was, he played full-time against Kansas City only three weeks after his accident.

Archie Manning, Mississippi's sterling quarterback, who broke the radius in his left arm on Nov. 7, underwent a similar operation and is expected to play against Louisiana State on Dec. 5.

GOOD NEWS

At a cross-country meet in Utah between Murray and Cottonwood high schools, Scott Bennett of Murray and Brad Howes of Cottonwood were neck and neck as they came into the final stretch. Howes edged a couple of paces ahead and then suddenly stumbled and fell. Bennett stopped, helped Howes to his feet and crossed the finish line with him. Officials called it a dead heat. Bennett said, "I just couldn't think of anything else to do."

THEY SAID IT

- Joe Schmidt, Detroit Lion coach, after the New Orleans Saints beat his team on Tom Dempsey's 63-yard field goal: "It's like winning the Masters with a 390-yard hole in one on the last hole."
- John Havlicek, Boston Celtic basketball star, whose endurance is famed: "Without realizing it, I built up my endurance as a kid. I loved to run. I would run home from school. I'd run to the store. I'd run to the post office, to the playground. Everywhere I went I ran."
- Ben Davidson, Oakland Raider line-man whose chivalrous behavior on the field has occasionally been questioned, after Cleveland's Leroy Kelly caught a 10-yard touchdown pass against the Raiders: "It was a great example of 11 nice guys not wanting to hit another nice guy. I was one of the nice guys."
- Dr. William O. Reed, thoroughbred veterinarian, examining Nymsky, syndicated for \$5.4 million, as he disembarked in New York on his way to stud in Kentucky: "We've got to be so careful what we let into this country." **END**



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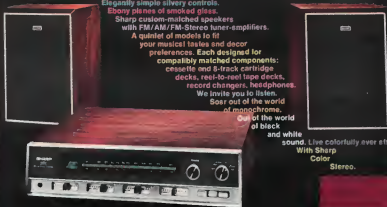
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OUR JOINT IS JUMPING

When a couple of U.S. tracks featured international races—one old, one new—horses from the host country won both. The real winners, however, may be long-neglected devotees of the steeplechase by WHITNEY TOWER

Horse racing in this country achieved its most spectacular international flourish last week on two widely different American fronts. Happily for the home team, if not for the multitude of foreigners on hand, the two big events—in Laurel, Md., and in Camden, S.C.—were both won by American horses. And the visitors had so much fun that they didn't seem to mind. Well, not too much, anyway.

At Laurel, where the mile-and-a-half Washington, D.C. International was having its 19th go-round, Paul Mellon's gutsy 6-year-old gelding Fort Marcy became a strong candidate for Horse of the Year honors by winning for the second time in three tries. He held off the French filly Miss Dan II by one length, defeating a field of 10 which included runners from Europe and South America. Three days later, in the piney pulpwood country of South Carolina—where racing down the main street was a sport of sorts in 1734—22 jumpers (nine from abroad) sallied forth in a colorful procession to participate in the richest steeplechase ever held in the United States. The \$100,000 Colonial Cup was won by Mrs. Ogden Phipps' favored Top Bid, while her other entry, Jaunty, was third, beaten only a length and a half by Stephen Clark Jr.'s Shadow Brook.

Both races were run in the rain. At Laurel, the crowd of 28,764 simply huddled protectively into the packed stands and dumped damp money into the mutuels. At Mrs. Marion duPont Scott's Springdale Course in Camden things



At the Colonel's Calculte auction, winner Top Bid sold for \$3,600.

were quite different. There are no covered stands and no bars. Even more frustrating for the dedicated punter is the fact that South Carolina does not permit pari-mutuel betting. But racegoers the world over have a way of packing their traditions along with them. The estimated throng of 18,000 at Camden may have been wet on the outside, but it was careful to bring its own guarantees against internal aridity. And betting was amply available, though of the caliber that made suckers out of most of the customers. The half dozen bookmakers who set up their blackboard betting stands behind the jockeys' tent could not have failed to enjoy themselves.

Laurel's International was less exhilarating than most of its predecessors, but produced a creditable performance by a very fine horse. Fort Marcy has been trained so patiently and efficiently by Elliott Burch that he has managed to race for five seasons. His International victory this time the upset Damascus in a thriller in 1967) was his fifth triumph of the season, and the \$100,000 he won enabled him to join racing's exclusive

millionaire's club, which is limited to 10 members. His purses now add up to \$1,043,280, good enough to push him past Native Diver and Dr. Fager, into eighth place on the alltime earnings list. If Burch brings him back next season, which seems likely, he could easily move past Citation, Damascus and Carry Back—in that order—and into fifth place.

Laurel's keenest drama was off track. Fort Marcy's jockey, Jorge Velasquez, was delayed on his flight from New York; he checked in just one minute before the Laurel stewards would have decreed a substitute rider. But even with Velasquez safely aboard his bay gelding, Burch was dubious about Fort Marcy's ability to handle the turf made uncomfortably soft by two days of rain. He needn't have worried. After Senador (Venezuela) and the filly Fanfreluche (Canada) set a dizzily slow pace, Fort Marcy moved from his fourth position on the far turn, and that just about settled matters. Miss Dan II, who had been third behind Sassafra and Nijinsky in the recent Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe, threatened from sixth place in the stretch, but just wasn't good enough to catch the old boy. Fiddle Isle, who finished fourth, was licked from

continued

Hostesses in Camden included Mrs. Marion Scott (top), on whose estate the race was run, and Mrs. Ogden Phipps, who entertained on her croquet lawn. The race also attracted some pretty sights and some strange ones. Like bookmakers who brought along their blackboards.



the start by the soft going, and England's Lorenzo, who was fifth, could not handle the distance. "I knew he was beat when he came out of the gate," said his rider, Lester Piggott. "And as for the turf, it was the worst I've ever seen—a bloody mud bath." Bill Shoemaker, on Fiddle Isle, didn't think much of the running surface either, but he summed up the race more graciously: "It may have been the worst turf I ever saw, but it was the same for all the horses. And at least I know we got beat by the best. He's something."

It isn't all that easy to get from Laurel to Camden, although few made the pilgrimage and regretted it. But why Camden? Well, it's a hoarse sort of place 32 miles from the capital city of Columbia, where Mrs. Marion duPont Scott's training center provides an ideal off-season hideaway in which to freshen thoroughbreds for the next year's grind. The center, managed by former jumping rider and trainer Ray Woolfe, comprises some 1,000 acres, with stalls for nearly 300 horses and enough tracks and schooling courses to satisfy everyone. Flat Trainers Frank Whiteley, Ivor Bulding and Tom Waller winter in Camden regularly, while the jumping trainers' list is headed by W. Burling Cocks, Charlie Cushman and Bobby Davis.

About 18 months ago, when South Carolinians were mulling over ways to celebrate 1970 as their state's 300th birthday, Ray Woolfe came up with the idea

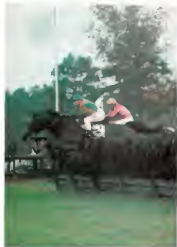
that ultimately resulted in last week's Colonial Cup. He envisioned an international \$100,000 steeplechase, run for 4-year-olds and up at a distance of 2 miles 6½ furlongs and over a special 17-jump course laid out so that no fence would be taken more than once. In order to attract the largest possible number of good horses, he decided to construct a special 4' 8" jump of treated pine and pine brush as a compromise obstacle somewhere between the standard hurdle and the larger and more difficult brush fences that make up a typical steeplechase course.

Woolfe took his idea to his patron, Mrs. Scott, who adopted it wholeheartedly, and then to some of his colleagues in the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association. The ruling members of this body are august souls who have never been renowned for grappling with new ideas at lightning speed. "For 40 years we've been looking for ways to popularize jump racing," says owner Mrs. Theo Randolph, an august soul in her own right, "and we are still looking." Nonetheless, when Ray Woolfe needed help most he got the

backing of the big names in the sport. South Carolina Governor Robert E. McNair consented to be honorary chairman of what came to be known as the Colonial Cup Executive Committee. He was joined by Mrs. Scott, Raymond Guest, John W. Hanes and Paul Mellon, none of them apprentices at getting things done.

Since South Carolina lies in the Bible Belt, which frowns on pari-mutuel betting, and wouldn't hear of legalizing a special Colonial Cup lottery, the next problem was to find the money to put on a five-race card and still give away \$100,000 for one event. Woolfe budgeted the project at \$200,000. The committee sent out a call for sponsors willing to underwrite any loss, and 77 were rounded up. They ranged from members of the regular hunt-and-jump fraternity to local merchants and companies (among them duPont, whose orlon and nylon plant in Camden is one of the world's largest). Each was asked to guarantee \$3,000 if and when called upon. If the paying crowd on Colonial Cup day would top 25,000, all would be well. (Finally, sponsors will probably be

continued





Nearly three miles and 17 specially built fences after the start, the Coltsfoot Cup comes down to Top Bid (above, nearest crowd), Shadow Brook and Jaunty (far right). Later, winning owner Mrs. Phillips congratulated her mud-spattered rider, Joe Alleheon Jr.





tapped for underwriting fees of close to \$1,500 each.)

Camden girded itself for the expected invasion. Houses in the quiet little town of 9,600 were rented for as much as \$3,000 for Colonial Cup week. The local chamber of commerce unveiled a special restoration of British Revolutionary fortifications on the eve of the race. At the Holiday Inn the customary roadside stand proudly announced "Welcome, foreign racing correspondents." And Elizabeth, the Queen Mother, a long-time devotee of jump racing, dispatched a personal representative eminently suitable to the occasion: Viscount Cobham, the Lord Steward of England.

Horses and their handlers began arriving weeks before race day. Visitors came a little later, and they included Stewards François de Brignac (France), Lord Oliver Fingal (Ireland) and Brigadier General Roscoe Harvey (England), plus horsemen of all persuasions, from U.S. Olympic Equestrian Team captain Billy Steinkraus to the skilled children of onetime amateur riding champion Pete Bostwick. Camden was ready for them. Mrs. Scott entertained lavishly at her historic mansion. Mrs. Ogden Phipps received daily on the croquet lawn (where she also played regularly) of her rented house. There was a pigeon shoot Friday morning, a practice polo game that afternoon and that night at the Springdale Club, Auctioneer Humphrey Finney, assisted by Clive Graham of the London *Daily Express*, sold all 22 Colonial Cup starters in a Calcutta pool that reached about \$37,000. Mrs. Phipps bought Jaunty for \$2,000—but not Top Bid.

Most of the race participants felt the Americans had an edge and that if Top Bid or Shadow Brook were to be beaten by a runner other than an American, it would probably be Raymond Guest's L'Escargot, who had won in America last year but had really made a name for himself by capturing this spring's Gold Cup over the big jumps at Cheltenham in England. "Your jumps are the kind American horses go through," said British Trainer Toby Balding. "If we send over a true stee-

plechaser, he'd try and jump over them clean. A good hurdler would have a better chance."

On race day two English bookmakers, Wilfred Sherman and Dougge Wilson, were wandering through the stately pines, eyeing the crowd as it pecked from the backs of cars. Were they perhaps looking for a bit of action? "Not me," said Dougge Wilson. "I went to study the situation, and a chap comes up to me and says, 'If you get caught, you'll do five years on the inside.' That was enough for me. So I go to have a look at what your American bookmakers are doing with their figures, and it makes me blush. Why, every bloody one of them is 200 or more points over-round [meaning that the bookie has set up at least a 100% profit for himself by manipulating the odds, instead of a reasonable profit of about 15%]. I says to a friend of mine, says I, 'I'll break your leg if I catch you taking any of those prices.'" Camden's visiting American bookmakers were indeed playing the sucker game to the hilt. One of their blackboards on the big race totaled 420 points.

So, after 18 months of preparation, the moment arrived. And with it the rain. Up went the gaudy umbrellas. As the 22 horses went to the post, Jaunty lunged away from his lead pony, losing his bridle and delaying the start 10 minutes. And then off they went—all but Ireland's Herring Gull, that is. He wheeled at the break and refused to run. Peach 2nd and Australia's Crisp led the way over the first few fences, while veteran Jockey Joe Anteheson Jr. kept Top Bid back in the second group. At the seventh fence Wustenehef became the first and only horse to fall, bothering L'Escargot.

Shadow Brook took the lead when the first pair tumbled, and the real race began when he was challenged by Jaunty with only three jumps remaining. The two were nearly even over the last fence, but Top Bid came on in the last 16th of a mile and pulled away from Shadow Brook. His length-and-a-half margin was the same as that held by the latter over Jaunty. Six lengths back came L'Escargot, first of the foreigners to finish; he was two lengths ahead of Encomade, France's Ermitage was sixth, then Crisp and Scotland's Young Ash Leaf. Because of the width of the fences and the skill

with which riders handled their mounts, there was no real trouble in the race.

The sporting (if not financial) success of the first Colonial Cup surely emphasizes that jump racing is worth preserving in America. It is beautiful to watch, and it adds variety to any race card. And yet some of jump racing's most fervent partisans are fearful for its existence. "We are the black sheep of the racing fraternity," says young Turney McKnight, amateur rider, grandson of John W. Hanes and one of 15 members of a committee whose purpose is to pump new life into the old sport. "Something has got to be done. We must change the public impression that jump racing is just for the station-wagon set."

On the face of it, there seems no reason why the sport should not be as successful here as in England or France.

One big obstacle is the fact that many flat-race trainers feel they must dissociate themselves from the jumpers to be accepted at most tracks. Yet many of our finest horsemen came up through the hunt meetings. Make Smithwick, who trained Top Bid and Jaunty and was himself a superior jump rider, also trains this year's stakes winner on the flat, Princess Post. Sidney Waters Jr., trainer of Shadow Brook, handles the leading 3-year-old colt, Hoist The Flag. Other top flat trainers who once rode jumpers are Jim Maloney, Bowes Bond, Allen Jenkins, Scotty Schulhofer and Evan Jackson. Finally, the horses themselves can be outstanding in both fields: Top Bid and Shadow Brook won stakes on the flat before their achievements in Camden.

Another obstacle is that the betting handle falls off anywhere between 20% and 50% every time a jumping race takes the place of a flat race on a U.S. track. This domestic diffidence ignores the fact that jump racing produces a much higher percentage of winning favorites than flat racing. It has been suggested that fans stay away from the windows before a jump race either because they don't want to try to beat a short-priced favorite or because they want nothing to do with a horse who might not even get around the course.

This is a prejudice that could be overcome if the sponsors of the sport would agree to make the effort. The success of the Colonial Cup is there to provide encouragement and incentive. **AND**

The French flag was at half mast for Charles de Gaulle at Laurel as Fort Merry led in the home stretch and was under Jorge Valazquez.

AUSTRALIA'S CUP RUNNETH (32) UNDER

The Aussie team spread-eagled the World Cup field at Buenos Aires despite a borrowed putter and a bizarre itinerary **by DAN JENKINS**

Golfers of goodwill and unintentional trick shots traveled 20, 30, 40 and 50 hours to reach Buenos Aires last week so they could see America's Lee Trevino crowned "Idiot of the Year," discover the real steak sandwich, learn that durable old Roberto De Vicenzo plays as well in his home town as he does everywhere else, witness the emergence of a new star from Australia named David Graham, and satisfy themselves that Heller could not have been alive in Argentina for very long because he would have been killed in a traffic accident.

The reason a lot of golfers were in Buenos Aires was the 18th renewal of that championship called the World Cup—excuse me, the Copa del Mundo—which hides itself in some part of the solar system every autumn for the express purpose of spreading friendship to all men through such tools as the Libyan slice, the Rumanian shank and the Austrian blue drier.

As a tournament, the Copa del Mundo is never going to crowd its way into the Big Four any more than the Avon Open is, but it is always going to be a lot more worthwhile than a number of events on the U.S. tour because it does bring folks together—two-man teams from 43 nations last week, in fact—and it stands as one of those increasingly rare things in life: a sports event where the money is irrelevant.

The tournament—the only one outside Rumania with a Rumanian in it and the only one where a Dane can make a hole in one—has been pampered, petted and expertly run by Fred Corcoran all these years (and financed by such members of U.S. business as American Express, Time Inc., Pan Am, NCR and FTT) and it has been staged in such exotic places as Singapore, Rome, Madrid, Paris and Tokyo. But it had never been as successful as it was in Buenos Aires last week in terms of spectator turnout

(30,000 for four days), or so beautifully handled as it was by the Argentine Golf Association on the elegant Jeskey Club premises. And scarcely, if ever, had the Copa del Mundo produced such startlingly good golf.

Between them, Bruce Devlin and David Graham played 32 shots under par, for a final combined score of \$44, which would be good enough to win a couple of Kempers or Tucsons up north. As far as the money is concerned, the winning Australians took home \$2,000 as a team, and De Vicenzo \$1,000 for the low individual score. So much for the IRS.

As always, there was a great deal of fun involved in the proceedings, and Buenos

Aires was a good place for that. First of all, it is a huge city of 8.4 million steak eaters and demolition derby drivers. It teems with sidewalk cafes, parks, ponds, monuments, ornate structures with balconies, dungeon-type discotheques, and shops to please one and all, particularly chic ladies, all hooded and nudged.

The city was alive with fun and frolic at all hours, enhanced by a labor strike in the middle of the week that freed everyone. Swarms of young ladies who could pass for Abbe Lane's baby sister were everywhere to escort Copa del Mundo participants into clubs where stays weren't permitted.

The golfers learned certain tricks, they thought. Not to sit too long in the clubs or they would use up their \$600 honorariums. Not to buy the alligator bags because the bottom would fall out, and not to buy the suede coats because, as one said, "If you get it rained on, dogs'll chase you down the street." And not to trust the courtesy-car drivers. Three crashed the first day, and everybody stopped counting after that.

Copa del Mundo parties were thrown almost hourly, one of them in a villa only slightly larger than the palace at



David Graham (left) and Bruce Devlin, with putter courtesy Lee Trevino, study a shot

Versailles. And quieter hours could be spent looking at the jacaranda trees and at the shrapnel scars on some of the government buildings or at the balcony on the Pink House peering down on the Plaza de Mayo where Perón used to address his shouting supporters.

For one and all, however, most of the week's fun was provided by Lee Trevino, the Copa del Mundo defending champion, who was teamed this time with Dave Stockton. In a curious effort to win the partnership prize for the U.S. again, Lee drank his share of beer and spoke his share of Texas Spanish—so much, in fact, that Stockton announced, "Our team has a language barrier."

Trevino kidded his cute wife Claudia by whooping at all of the Argentinian girls and shouting, "If I ever come back here, honey, you're out."

"You're impossible," Claudia said. Stockton agreed. Dave personally awarded Trevino the "Idiot of the Year" title for leaving his best golf clubs at home, the clubs with which he had just finished third in the Alcan in Ireland, second in the World Match Play at Wentworth, second in the Kaiser (losing to Ken Still in a playoff) and second in the Dunlop International in Australia.

"I picked up some clubs in Australia and thought I'd try 'em out," Trevino said. "I can't hit 'em a lick."

Stockton said, "On top of that, you gave Devlin the putter he's using."

Trevino laughed and hollered all the way across the tarmac of the Alvear Palace Hotel. "You're right, I'm crazy. I blew my clubs and then gave Devlin that putter he's holding everything with. I'm winning it for Australia."

This was at the three-quarter mark, after Devlin had shot 66-69-66 and David Graham, a wiry, 24-year-old newcomer, had shot 65-67-65, all which gave Australia a record 19-stroke lead on the field. They were 34 under par, which was several fairways better than even Arnold Palmer and Jack Nicklaus had done at their best as a U.S. team in the past. Graham looked so good on Saturday, when he shot 65 (with a ball out of bounds), that Tony Jacklin said, "He made me feel like a 24-handicapper."

Graham was playing with a special incentive. Only a couple of weeks earlier he had failed by a single stroke to qualify for the U.S. tour in the PGA school, which meant that it would be back to the Far East and British tours

again, or the French Open he had won, with only occasional glimpses of those globs of American cash.

"David is quite a player," said Devlin one day. "He has confidence and a sound game and he's going to make it. Playing well here will help him a lot."

A friendly, nattily dressed young fellow, Graham reminded some of an early-day Gary Player, particularly when he paced around and took a cut at the ball. Fiercely competitive, like Player, he took an aggressive swing onto the Jockey Club course. He drove long for a small guy, like Jacklin, and putted like God.

The course, at 6,700 yards and par 72, and decorated with flags and a shopping bazaar, wasn't all that tough, because you could reach the par-5s in two, but the greens had narrow entrances with big mounds around them, and they putted bumpily and erratically for most.

"You play defense on these greens," Trevino said. "You got no gimmies, even on a one-footer. Don't seem to bother Devlin and Graham, though. Maybe they're punch-drunk from 55 hours in the air and don't know what they're on."

The Australians did come the longest distance. To reach Buenos Aires, they

had a simple little journey from Sydney to Fiji to Honolulu to Los Angeles to Mexico City to Bogota to Lima to B.A. "If that isn't goodwill, I don't know what is," smiled Devlin.

One of the interesting things about Graham was that he not only traveled all of that distance without showing any physical signs of it, he hardly missed a dance in the African Room below the Alvear Palace once he arrived. And yet here he was, beating most of the name players in the field, fellows like Trevino and Stockton, Jacklin, Al Balding, Harold Henning, Taknaki Kono, even his partner Devlin, and battling Roberto De Vicenzo to the last on Roberto's home ground for the individual title.

"Listen," Trevino told Graham one afternoon, "you might go into those des-cobéques at 24, but if you stay long enough you'll come out 47."

"I can't sleep, mate," said Graham. No one could, knowing each day they faced a 45-minute ride through Buenos Aires traffic to the Jockey Club, a ride that would make the wildest Indy driver take up chess. But no one got killed. That perhaps was the biggest news of all at the Copa del Mundo. **END**



Trevino, exasperated by the greens in Buenos Aires, offers partner Stockton advice anyway.

LET GEORGE DO IT—AND HE DOES

For the fourth time this season the world's oldest quarterback came off the bench to save Oakland from defeat, on this occasion with a 20-yard touchdown pass with 2:28 to go to beat Denver 24-19 **by TEX MAULE**

For a couple of plays last Sunday, it looked like the old sorcerer had lost his touch. He had been called upon to perform what in recent weeks had become a familiar miracle: saving the Oakland Raiders from certain defeat in the final seconds. The Raiders had just fallen behind the Broncos 19-17 with four minutes and a second to play and after the Denver kickoff they had the ball on their 20-yard line. Darby Lamonia had been the quarterback for Oakland all afternoon, but in circumstances so dire, and with Lamonia having apparently rejured his shoulder, Raider Coach John Madden knew what he had to do. He sent in George Blanda, 43 years old, 21 years in pro football and imperturbable.

Blanda nearly threw an interception on his first pass, a screen to Hewitt Dixon for a two-yard loss, but it didn't faze him. He knelt on his left knee, spit in the palm of his right hand, rubbed his hands together and called a long pass, which he missed grievously. It was now third and 12, and the Broncos were looking for a medium-range pass that would get the first down. In the huddle Blanda called the signal, demonstrating patterns with his hands, and spit on his palm again. He was under strong pressure when he dropped back, but he ignored the rush and threw a hard, flat pass down the middle to Rod Sherman, a wide receiver who had sifted just behind the medium coverage. The pass found a crack between three defenders for a 27-yard gain and the first down. The Broncos tried to pressure Blanda again on the next play and Dixon, who was blocking, was knocked into Blanda, making him lose his balance. As Blanda was falling he snapped a pass down-

field to Warren Wells. (After the game Blanda was asked why he didn't drop back a few extra yards to avoid the rush. "I'm too old to go back that far," he said.) The play was good for 35 yards to the Denver 20 and virtually insured a Raider victory. Blanda kicks field goals, too, and he seldom misses inside the 30.

A conservative man might have called three running plays and then taken the field goal, but Blanda is not a conservative man. He called another long pass and threw the ball out of bounds when his receiver was covered. Oakland was offside, Denver declined and it was second and 10 from the Denver 20. Blanda called almost the same long pass to Fred Biletnikoff, this time lifting the ball in a high, lazy arc, and it dropped into Biletnikoff's hands on the goal line for the touchdown that completed the day's magic. It was a beautifully thrown ball, a smart call and the fourth time in the last four weeks that a Blanda miracle has saved the Raiders.

Dave Grayson, the Raiders' veteran All-Pro safety, spends a lot of time defending against Blanda's throws in practice. Late this summer, when Blanda was put on waivers by the Raiders in a play to avoid losing a younger player, some experts speculated that he had lost his arm. "He's throwing better than he has in the last three years," says Grayson. "Some quarterbacks you can anticipate. They throw the ball about the same way every time, and once it's in the air you can make your move. But not George. You can't read him. One time he'll drill it, the next time he'll loft it a little, then he'll float it. He's tough." In the locker room following the game Blanda, naked, puffing on a cigarette, claimed

he doesn't even bother to read defenses. "If I watched them," he said, "I couldn't see my receiver."

Blanda threw six passes in this game, completed four for 80 yards and a touchdown, and kicked a 32-yard field goal and three extra points. He shocked a crowd of 50,959, a Denver record, but he has made a habit of shocking Raider adversaries this year.

Certainly the Raiders would not be leading the Western Division of the American Football Conference without the extraordinary heroics of their elderly hero. On Oct. 25, after Lamonia was hurt, Blanda came in against the Pittsburgh Steelers late in the first period with the Raiders leading 7-0. On his first play, from the Steeler 29, he threw a touchdown pass to rookie Ray Chester but the play was nullified on account of holding and the Steelers scored to make it 7-7. Then Blanda went to work in the face of a fierce blitz Pittsburgh mounted in an attempt to cow him. He passed 44 yards to Warren Wells for one touchdown, kicked a 27-yard field goal set up by his passes and passed 19 yards to Chester for another touchdown, giving the Raiders a 24-7 halftime lead. In the second half he added a 40-yard touchdown pass to Chester and Oakland won the game 31-14.

"I guess the Steelers didn't realize we like people to blitz us," Blanda said last week. "When they blitz, they have to use single coverage on our receivers and nobody can do that. I got two touchdowns against the blitz and then they quit it."

Although the blitz opens the receivers, it also means that Blanda usually gets splattered a split second after releasing the ball. Fortunately, he is a very du-



Blanda completed four of six passes and kicked a 32-yard field goal to the win over Denver.

nable man. "I've only been hurt once in 21 seasons," he said. "That was in 1954 when I was trying to run, which no quarterback ought to do except in desperation. It was against Cleveland and Don Colo and Len Ford sandwiched me and I got a complete separation in my right shoulder and missed the last four games of the season."

On Nov. 1, in a game with Kansas City for the division lead, Blanda kicked a 48-yard field goal on the next to the last play of the game to get Oakland a 17-17 tie. Said Blanda, "When I make talks at booster clubs and places, I guess the question most people ask all the time is what do I think about when I live up for a kick like that. They want to know if I feel the pressure, but I never think about that. I concentrate on looking at the spot where the ball will be put and

watching the spotter's hands. When he starts to reach out for the ball I take a short step with my right foot, stride with my left and kick. If it's a long kick, like the one against Kansas City, I take a little longer step with my right foot."

On Nov. 8, with the Raiders trailing the Cleveland Browns 17-13 and a little over 11 minutes left in the game, Lamonica was again hurt and Blanda again took over. A Cleveland field goal made it 20-13, but with 1:32 to go Blanda passed to Wells for a 14-yard touchdown. Then, with three seconds remaining, he took a rather longer than usual step with his right foot and kicked a 32-yard field goal to win the game 23-20. That soaring kick made Blanda the first citizen of Oakland, the darling of Jack London Square and the target of innumerable well-wishers and autograph hounds.

Blanda, who looks like a combination of an old Don Meredith and a young John Wayne, is finally enjoying the acclaim that has come to him so late in his career. At 43, he is the oldest active quarterback in pro football history. When he played in his first game for the Chicago Bears back in 1949 Sid Luckman was still on the club and Norman Van Brocklin, now the coach of the Atlanta Falcons, was a rookie quarterback for the Los Angeles Rams, chafing on the sidelines while Bob Waterfield led the team. Lamonica was in the third grade.

As a Bear rookie, Blanda played line-backer, kicked field goals and was third-string quarterback behind Luckman and Johnny Lujack. He stayed with Chicago for 10 years—once kicking 156 extra points in a row and winning and losing the starting quarterback's job a couple of times—before joining Houston in 1960, the AFL's inaugural year. During his seven seasons with the Oilers he established 19 career, season and game records, including a season record of 36 touchdown passes (1961) and most passes attempted and completed in a game (68 and 37 in 1964).

Despite his age, Blanda feels no more aches and pains on the Monday after a tough game than he did when he was with the Bears. However, he makes a few small concessions to his years. Every Monday morning, for example, he goes to the Executive House in Oakland for a steam bath and a rubdown. Although he claims he isn't superstitious, this is the first act in an unwavering week-long ritual that Blanda has followed all season. "It's not superstition as much as that I just like to have a set routine and do everything the same way, the way I like to," he says. "And there's no use changing the routine if it's working, is there?"

Last Monday, after his steam bath, Blanda drove to Sacramento, where he talked at a booster club dinner, stayed overnight, then returned to Oakland in time for Tuesday morning practice. The Raiders watched movies of the Cleveland game and a film of the Denver-San Diego game on Nov. 8. The workout was

continued



Oakland's Henry Brown, who later scored on a 48-yard pass, meets Denver's Charlie Green.

an easy one, but Lamonia, who had suffered a severe shoulder bruise against the Browns, couldn't throw. For the last three weeks Blanda had split time almost evenly with Lamonia in practice, now he shared it with Kenny Stahler, the third quarterback. "If we're behind and Daryle gets hurt, I usually go in," he said. "If we're well ahead, Kenny does." When George Blanda began playing pro football, Kenny Stahler was three years old.

On Wednesday the Raiders had a long workout, concentrating on defense, Thursday's workout was mostly offense. On Wednesday, as part of his ritual, Blanda had another steam bath and rub-down at the Executive House. That night he ate alone at Francesco's in Oakland, yet another part of his pregame routine, then went to a quarterback meeting to get the game plan for Denver.

Thursday night he ate at The Grotto, a fish restaurant in Jack London Square, which is Oakland's answer to San Francisco's Fisherman's Wharf. He was with his wife and a friend and he sat at the same table by a window overlooking the water, in the same seat that he sits in every Thursday and Friday night.

He ordered turbot and a salad ("I've got to watch what I eat," he said. "Seems like if I even look hard at food I gain weight") and he was interrupted half a dozen times by friends and autograph-seekers, but Blanda is a friendly man and he signed menus uncomplainingly. At the next table a large party from San Francisco had finished dinner and was lingering. A young man in the party, emboldened by after-dinner drinks, leaned over and tapped Blanda on the shoulder.

"I'm from San Francisco," he said, "and I think John Brodie and the 49ers can take you."

Blanda looked at him and laughed. "John who?" he said.

Later, as Blanda was having coffee, two Raider linemen, Harry Schuh and Tom Keating, joined him. Blanda had been talking about the vicissitudes of life under the blitz and he said, "I don't believe in getting mad if a guy misses a block and I get hit. I don't yell at the players. Everybody gets beat sometime."

"Hey," said Keating, a defensive tackle, "I remember you hollering."

"When was that?" Blanda said. "When you were playing for the Oil-

ers," Keating said with relish. "I got to you once and sacked you, and you got up and I thought you were going to hit me with the ball until I saw Bob Taftami ducking."

"Yeah," said Blanda. "Now I remember. But I wasn't mad at him for missing the block on you. I had a receiver open, and if I'd had another second we'd have had six."

The next day, driving to Bay Meadows—a Friday afternoon ritual—Blanda said, "I guess some people wouldn't go to the track on Friday the 13th, but I'm not superstitious about things like that. I've gone every Friday this season, and I've been pretty fortunate. I haven't had a losing day yet."

Blanda grew interested in horse racing when he was a quarterback for Bear Bryant at the University of Kentucky, and he is a serious bettor, studying the *Daily Racing Form* carefully before making a bet. But on this Friday the 13th George Blanda ran out of luck. He won only one race and the horse he bet on was named Rose George, whom Blanda insisted he picked solely by superior handicapping. At any rate, Rose George loped home 2½ lengths ahead of a rather scruffy field, he paid only \$4.80, probably having been bet down by Raider fans.

On the way back to Oakland, Blanda was philosophical about his losses. "All the long shots came in today," he said. "When that happens I'm dead. This was the day for the little old ladies who stuck a pin in their program." He lit a superking-size cigarette, keeping his eyes on the road. "Not that I like to lose," he went on. "Anything I do, I want to win. I had six brothers and four sisters and I competed with my brothers every day when I was a kid. If you lost in my family, they kidded the pants off you until you were again."

Blanda is a competitor in whatever he does. He is a daring poker player, with a knack for successful bluffing. "When I run a bluff on a guy and chase him," he says, "I make a point of showing him my cards so he'll know it. Doesn't hurt to get him a little mad and coming after you, and the next time I may not be bluffing." He also plays golf to a six handicap, handles a pool cue with skill and is a formidable gin rummy and cribbage player, one of his favorite partners being Leslie, his 14-year-old daughter. "After dinner on Thursdays, I usu-

continued



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ally play cribbage with her," he says. "She beats me a lot, too."

Friday night he took his wife and Leslie back to The Grotto to observe still another one of his rituals. They sat at their table by the water and Leslie had a hamburger steak because that is what she ordered the first time they ate there. Fortunately, Leslie likes hamburger steaks.

The Raiders flew to Denver early Saturday afternoon and arrived to find a powdering of snow on the ground, which didn't surprise them. Oakland has never played in Denver without there being snow on the ground, even in September. The team ate together at the Continental Denver, a motel near Mile High Stadium. Then Blanda retired to his room, where he played cribbage with Mike Eischel, the Oakland punter, who is his roommate. When the Raiders are in Oakland, they still spend the night before games at a motel and Blanda and Eischel play cribbage, then get up at 8 a.m. and play until the stroke of 9, when they go to breakfast.

"In Oakland I drive to the stadium exactly the same way before every game," Blanda says. "At 11:30 I get a cup of coffee in the dressing room, then I go out and sit by myself in the stands for a few minutes. Each Sunday the same two guys, friends of mine, come by and we talk for a little. Then I go back in and dress. Of course, it's different on the road."

During the off season Blanda lives in a suburb of Chicago, where he is an executive for Railway Express; the president of the company is a close friend of his. He makes a handsome salary outside of football and he doesn't play the game for money alone. "I didn't have much fun the 10 years I played with the Bears," he said before the Denver game. "But I'm enjoying it out here. I guess I'm lucky."

He should be. He works at it. **END**

Blanda's heroics began Oct. 25 when he passed for three touchdowns and kicked a field goal and four extra points as Oakland beat the Steelers (top); on Nov. 1 his 49-yard field goal with three seconds left tied Kansas City; on Nov. 8, against Cleveland, he passed for the tying score, got a big hand from Al Denson and kicked the winning 55-yard field goal with three seconds to go.



THE GREAT BUFFALO HUNT? SHOOT? SLAUGHTER?

Some call it sport and some call it butchery, but nobody is truly happy as Arizona's "surplus" bison are shot in a fenced pasture **by BIL GILBERT**

The southern edge of the Colorado plateau extending into northern Arizona is terrible country for almost everything but tourists and Quik Snak Shoppes. It is hot as a desert in the summer, cold as a tundra in the winter. What little rain falls comes down all at once in land-gouging torrents. The snow is an abrasive mixture of ice and grit. The soil is thin and poor: sand, gravel, volcanic ash. The whole place is raked by a skimming wind that blows out of the northwest. It is the kind of land given to Indians for reservations and to minor government agencies—ones that lack political clout.

One such agency is the Arizona Game and Fish Department, which owns Raymond Ranch, halfway between Flagstaff and Winslow. The ranch serves as range for wild antelope and as the year-round residence for about half of a state-managed herd of 300 buffalo. By standards that apply elsewhere, Raymond Ranch is a big place—15,000 acres. But such is the nature of this land that the 15,000 acres can comfortably support only 150 buffalo.

A notable characteristic of the American bison has always been its fecundity, and the Raymond Ranch herd is no exception, producing between 50 and 100 calves a year. Every other year surplus

animals are disposed of by means of something that is variously called, depending on the viewpoint, a bison harvest (by Arizona game managers), a buffalo hunt or shoot (by gunners), a slaughter and disgrace to humanity (by protectionists). Recently, on four bright fall days, Arizona held its 17th harvest-hunt-disgrace.

There are always fewer excess buffalo than would-be buffalo hunters, so who actually gets to shoot is determined by lottery. This year 474 gunners applied to shoot 80 buffalo. The hunt works as follows. At the appointed time the surplus buffalo are driven in small groups into a fenced pasture. An equal number of gunners are escorted into the killing field by state game agents. Then, from a distance of 10 to 50 yards, they are allowed to fire away at the buffalo of their choice. For this opportunity the gunner pays \$45. He is entitled to keep the head, hide and a front quarter of his buffalo, with the remaining meat being sold to the public. This constitutes the bare bones of the Raymond Ranch hunt, but much more is involved—including history, nostalgia and guilt.

The first Europeans to meet a buffalo were Hernando Cortés and his troopers who, prior to killing its owner, saw a bull in the private zoo of an Aztec em-

peror, Montezuma II. They were impressed. "A wonderful composition of divers Animals," wrote Cortés. "It has crooked shoulders, with a Bunch on its back like a Camel, its Flanks dry, its Tail large, and its Neck covered with Hair like a Lion. It is cloven footed, its Head armed like that of a Bull, which it resembles in Fierceness with no less Strength and Agility." And this remains a good description of a bull bison.

At the beginning of the last century there were between 60 and 75 million bison in our land. They were so big and numerous, and there was so much energy locked in the flesh of the enormous herds, that they dictated how, when and where the land might be used, much as did the mountains, rivers and climate. Yet by the end of the century, none absolutely no free-roaming buffalo—were left. The very last of the truly wild buffalo, two bulls, a cow and her calf, were killed simply for the fun of it in February 1897 in Park County, Colo. No fancy ecological theories have ever been needed to explain the extermination of the buffalo. We just shot them until only four were left out of 60 million—and then we shot the four.

The details of the great buffalo hunt that lasted for three-quarters of the 19th century are well known. The techniques





of killing a buffalo, some of the remarkable hunts and the hunters themselves have become American folktales. Among the most famous of the buffalo hunters was Charles Jesse Jones, known throughout the country as Buffalo Jones. Hunter, scout, Indian fighter, lion tamer, musk-ox and rhinoceros roper, railroad magnate, stock promoter, lecturer, author, maker and loser of quick fortunes, friend of Presidents, tutor and hero of Zane Grey, part Frank Buck and part hunter artist, Buffalo Jones was one of the Renaissance men of the American West. He was also the man without whom there would be no Raymond Ranch buffalo herd.

When the great hunt was on in the '70s, Jones killed buffalo the way virtually every other Western hunter did, firing his 16-pound Sharps until the gun got too hot, urinating down the barrel to cool it, and laying out his 50 or 60 animals a day. But Jones did not earn his name killing buffalo. He became Buffalo Jones because in 1884, when there were only a hundred or so bison left hiding out in brushy canyons, Jones did something unique. In a series of quixotic, amazingly difficult trips, he went out in the Texas Panhandle to rope and bring back alive the last of the wild buffalo.

By 1890 he had 150 head fenced in on his Garden City, Kans. ranch. It was then the largest extant herd of bison, and Buffalo Jones, to his everlasting credit, did more than anybody else to save the species from extinction. Jones had mixed motives. He used his herd to promote his lectures, his stock schemes and, always, himself. Like a gambler with a good gold watch, Jones would hock or sell part of the herd when his luck was bad, reclaim it when he was in the chips.

In 1905 Jones talked his friend Teddy Roosevelt out of grazing rights to an enormous chunk of land in the Kaibab, a plateau north of the Grand Canyon. Then he reclaimed his scattered buffalo herd, gathered together some old buffalo-catching cronies of the 1880s, moved to the Kaibab and announced that within 10 years he would be the meat king of the Western world. He was going to accomplish this by breeding buffalo to cattle and wild big-horn rams to domestic Persian ewes.

The whole scheme went broke by 1909, and Jones quickly set off to rope horns in Africa, leaving his creditors with the ranch and the stock, which they divided. Uncle Jimmy Owens, the ranch manager, himself a colorful plainsman who had been mixed up with Jones for years and should have known better,

got the buffalo in lieu of back wages.

Uncle Jimmy kept the animals until 1927, when he peddled his herd, 98 head, to the State of Arizona for \$10,000. Exactly why the state felt it needed the herd is unclear. Not since prehistoric times has the buffalo been an Arizona native. However, as with so many other things, what is done is done. The Arizona game department is now the indisputable proprietor of 300 buffalo, cannot afford to feed any more than that and must harvest some of them.

The men who seem to have the most real fun at Raymond Ranch are the 25 or so employees of the game commission who—faced with the necessity of the shoot—run it. Game agency is not the free and easy, outdoorsy calling it once was. Game men have to spend increasing time at counseling, rescue work and sitting at desks, and the long weekend at Raymond Ranch gives the Arizona crew a chance to saddle its ponies and pickups, dress up in old hats and chaps and cowboy it around the fields.

The best day is Thursday, before the dudes come. The whole herd is driven into stock pens next to the ranch house, and there is a lot of yippy-ko-yung, slapping of hats and swinging of ropes as 30 doomed buffalo are sorted out from 150 keepers. The lucky 150 are then

continued

turned out of the pen. Bellowing and snorting, they stream across the open range, an old bull first, running with that peculiar humpbacked, stiff-legged rocking-chair gait that can wear down any horse ever fouled. From a buffalo-fancying standpoint, this is the finest moment of the harvest. Seeing 150 buffalo stampeding across Raymond Ranch is nothing compared to what once could be seen. Yet if a poet can know a desert from a grain of sand, perhaps those so inclined, seeing this droplet of a herd, can imagine the old oceans of buffalo.

From this point on, events overtake both poetry and pleasure. Twenty-seven buffalo are scheduled for harvest on Friday, 27 on Saturday, 20 on Sunday and the remaining six on Monday.

Among the hunters is a man who knows too much—an American history teacher. He is sensitive about his role and explains: "I've read a lot about the old buffalo hunters and I wanted to get a little bit of the feel of it. This isn't much of a way to do it, shooting against a fence, but it's all that's left."

The teacher goes out in the first conveyer of shooting trucks one morning with his wife and two children and two other gunners, an Air Force officer and a middle-aged land developer, who also have their audiences. The gunning party is driven to the southeast corner of the pasture, told to get out of the pickups and to stand ready on a little knoll. Then buffalo are released from the corral half a mile away and herded along the fence by wardens on horseback. When the animals are directly opposite, the Air Force man shoots, dropping a small bull on the first try from 15 yards.

Squaws used to follow the Sioux. Crow and Cheyenne hunters, and they would hoot, holler and dance in triumph when a buffalo went down. At Raymond Ranch nearly every gunner is followed by his squaw, or at least a child, and the action is much the same, though these relatives carry Instamatic cameras instead of rattles and knives.

The history teacher is next on the shooting line. The mounted wardens drive the two remaining cows past. The bull is still twitching on the ground, and the cows veer past him at a slow trot. The teacher is sweating, his face contorted. He fires and there is a humiliating click—no shell. While he is loading his rifle the cows are chased back and they stand still this time by the dy-

ing bull. The teacher knocks one down with a low shot, but she staggers to her feet, blowing blood but otherwise silent. The teacher shoots again and puts the cow down for good.

"I'm embarrassed," he stammers. "Not just because I forgot to load. That first chance was what I'd hoped I'd have, a chance to get one on the move. I guess I just got the shakes seeing a buffalo, thinking about what they were."

But not everyone gets the shakes. An engineer, buffalo permit in his pocket, shows up early one shooting day and has to wait for hours for his turn. He is a conspicuous man, tall, looking taller because of a black Australian bush hat he has decorated with a rattlesnake skin and button. The rest of his costume is the conventional badman-modern getup favored by many contemporary Westerners when they go outdoors. He says that while it is obviously no sport shooting a buffalo in a pasture, he has to do it because when he does he will have accounted for seven of his Big Ten. The Big Ten is a gimmick devised by commercial hunting interests. If a gunner bags all 10 of Arizona's big-game animals, of which the semidomestic buffalo is one, his name is listed on the Big Ten roll and he receives a trophy and other mementos. Most professional game managers think the Big Ten is a silly, undesirable thing, but they are stuck with it because so many hunters think it is great. "It gives you something to shoot for, like a howling trophy," explains one Raymond Ranch shooter.

"After the buffalo, which is automatic now my name has been drawn, all I need is a bear, lion and sheep," says Black Hat. "I'll get the bear this year. I've had one batted for a month."

In the way of buffalo, what Black Hat shoots is two animals, an extraordinary feat never before accomplished at Raymond Ranch. When he finally gets into the killing field he kneels down and fires a .375 magnum that could stop a woolly mammoth. The bullet tears an apple-sized hole in the neck of the animal closest to Black Hat, passes through it and kills the buffalo standing directly behind. The wardens and spectators are awed and a little disgusted by the overkill. Black Hat goes in with the two buffalo to the skinning shed, then hitches a ride back on the next shooting track. "What does he want, a bonus?" mutters a warden.

Actually, what Black Hat wants is to watch a couple more buffalo being harvested. The first animal in the next three—some, a bull, goes down promptly. The two remaining cows move up to the warm corpse, sniff it, nuzzle it curiously, then simply stand by it. For some it might be a heartrending scene—two terrified animals facing the guns to mourn their fallen companion, but this would be a wildly anthropomorphic reaction. The two cows cannot mourn, or even consider their position as the next victims. Yet in a way what they do is a more remarkable response. After nearly a hundred years of captivity, the herd blood still runs in these two cows. "Stand, stay together" is the first law of the buffalo. The command was burned into their nerves and tissue thousands of years ago, because if the herd stood together there was no wolf, grizzly or lion that could stand against it.

The herds could not disobey this command even after it became a bad, disastrous law. They continued to stand as riflemen piled up their carcasses by the millions; they stood because they could be nothing else but buffalo—just as the two young semidomestic cows in the Raymond Ranch pasture are still buffalo. The cows, shoulder to shoulder behind the fallen bull, make an essence-of-buffalo scene, but it is lost on the watchers. "Look at them," says Black Hat. "Not a brain in their damned heads. They're too stupid even to run."

Despite having killed two buffalo with a single shot, Black Hat knows less about the animals than does your average secretary of the Spencers' Anti-Cruelty League, a figure whom a good many of the gunners and even some of the wardens at Raymond Ranch are concerned about. There is considerable worry that a band of goosy-minded, vegetable-eating little old ladies of both sexes and all ages might try to disrupt the hunt. Radical protectionists (as the gunnery group now call this type) have been knocking the buffalo harvest for some time but only in the last year has the heat become serious. "I hear that some of them, the Sierra Club or that bunch, are going to show up and make trouble," says a frail, indignant real-estate salesman as he watches his buffalo being gutted. "I'd just like to see them try to make any trouble up here."

Nearly all the hunters think that somebody is going to accuse them of be-

continued

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having in a cruel and inhumane fashion toward the buffalo. They defend themselves against such charges and intimate that harvesting the buffalo is a public duty like picking up beer cans along the highway. "These animals don't suffer any more than they would in a slaughterhouse," one said. "People ought to see where meat comes from."

It is all quite true. There are excess buffalo. It may be less efficient and a bit messier killing them in a field with guns than on an abattoir floor with a hammer or knife, but it is only marginally less humane. Also, the men and women doing the shooting are not monsters. True, there are a few odd ones around Raymond Ranch. A stern contractor suggests it might be a good idea to run some of the long-haired, filthy-mouthed protesters he saw at an Agnew dinner in front of the guns. A genial M.D. is hoping his wife, who drew a buffalo permit, will get a cow because he wants to make a purse out of the vagina. Generally speaking, however, there are no more unusual personalities at Raymond Ranch than at an Audubon lecture or a campus riot. They are mostly just us, citizens who own a gun, have the notion they would like to use it on a buffalo and have become a little nervous and guilty about what they have let themselves in for. Nevertheless, despite all the explanations and excuses made and accepted, there is still something kinky about this harvest scene.

There is a young woman, whose previous shooting experience had been killing two doves, who has drawn a permit for a Raymond Ranch buffalo. Her husband is at her side. The couple have a recreation room in which they believe a mounted buffalo head would be an attractive decoration. The girl hits a buffalo in the shoulder with her first shot.

"I hit him, didn't I?" she shrieks, very near hysteria. The wardens nod politely and her husband shouts, "You sure did, baby." But the buffalo gets back to its feet and stands waving its head 15 yards away. The girl shoots again, and again and again and again, never touching the animal, the shells kicking up dust across the field. A couple of game men sitting nearby on horseback begin to whistle and make clucking sounds, trying to get the buffalo to turn absolutely broadside. The girls shoot again and as she does, as unobtrusively as possible, so does a warden, putting the animal down for

good. "Thank God that's over," says the shaking, white-faced girl.

Among professionals Arizona is often cited as having game policies and wildlife men that rank with the best of any state. Many of these men are at Raymond Ranch, working the harvest, helping the nervous girl and the other shooters. It is pointless to seek their true opinion of the proceedings. Also, it is unfair to try, since they draw their pay from the state, which has elected to cull the herd as it does. Once in a while, though, something slips out from behind the official pose and prose.

The game department's education officer is working at the skinning shed, his yellow rubber pants crimson to the knees. In a break between carcasses he observes mildly, nodding toward the hanging buffalo sides and the crowd watching the butchering operation, "It's a shame these people can't get to see what a wonderful animal a buffalo really is. They can survive on poor range, in terrible weather. They go through fences like they were paper. They run all day and they take an awful lot of killing. When you get to know them you have a lot of respect for them."

There is something about hunting that is ignored in the attacks of anti-hunters and, to be fair, overlooked in the defenses of a lot of contemporary hunters. In the course of a good hunt, which can be conducted with a lasso, a net or a sharp pair of eyes as well as a gun, a powerful intimacy develops between prey and predator. It is partly intellectual, for each party is forced to learn, to speculate upon the faculties of the other. Also it is emotional. There comes a closeness which may still be best described by an old-fashioned term—reverence. At Raymond Ranch this intimacy and reverence is missing. There is only a girl banging away at a mound of flesh she does not understand and barely sees, for the sake of a wall hanging. There are better marksmen at the harvest than the girl, but no better hunters.

All of which is why those who are concerned with the image of the sport of hunting are very edgy about what the buffalo shoot is called. They keep insisting that it must not be dignified as a hunt, that it is not a sporting affair, that it is a harvest, a game-management exercise. It is not a sport, just straight slaughterhouse work, right? Right. But there are hundreds of citizen gunners

who are eager to pay 45 bucks to work for a few minutes as butchers' apprentices, right? Right. So, if they enjoy it, why not let them? Right?

A 14-year-old boy is one of the lucky 80 buffalo permit-holders. His parents, both of whom have previously shot a buffalo, are with him all the way, like the classic parents of a Little League pitcher. After he was selected in the lottery Dad made him a full-size buffalo-shaped target on which to practice. As B Minute draws near, Dad fires off volley after volley of advice and encouragement. "Take it easy. Remember the ear. Don't be a horn hunter. Wait for your shot. Squeeze." Mom is the boy's flank, explaining what a good, obedient straight shooter he is.

"It is such a fine sport for youngsters," Mom says. "It teaches them sportsmanship, gun safety, self-reliance. When they have this kind of interest you don't have to worry about drugs and all the rest."

Considering the kind of gallery he has, the boy doesn't shoot badly, first hitting the buffalo in the right leg, then the left and then finishing him off with a head shot. Someone asks the boy what he liked best about the whole experience. "Killing it," he answers promptly.

Not being old enough to commit any platitudes to memory, the boy has gotten down to the heart of the Raymond Ranch matter. People do not pay \$45 to protect the buffalo from the consequences of their own fertility. They do not show up with their guns to give the game commission men a hand. They pay and they come to satisfy their own primeval urges. It is nothing new.

RAILWAY EXCURSION AND BUFFALO HUNT

An excursion train will leave Leavenworth at 8 AM and Lawrence at 10 AM for Sheridan, on Tuesday, October 27, 1888, and return on Friday. This train will stop at the principal stations both going and coming. Ample time will be had for a grand *Buffalo Hunt on the Plains*. Buffaloes are so numerous along the road that they are shot from the cars nearly every day. On our last excursion our party killed twenty buffaloes in a hunt of six hours. All passengers can have refreshments on the cars at reasonable prices. Tickets for a round trip from Leavenworth, \$10.00.

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END



Ice hockey enjoys referring to itself as the fastest of all spectator sports, but some of the best moments in hockey are those that occur when the game comes to a standstill. Here and on the following pages Artist Michael Ramus captures them with exquisite virtuosity. At right, after icing has been called, a linesman flashes down the rink with the grace and insonciance—if not the figure—of a prima ballerina to deliver the vagrant puck to a waiting referee. Even before the game begins, there is a certain cool delight to be had watching the two teams circle the ice (below), each at its own end, each as aloof to the presence of the other as neighbors in a newly integrated community.

THE GAME BEHIND THE WHISTLE





CONTINUED



It may be that nobody really goes to a hockey game to see hockey. There seems to be in every fan's heart the constant hope that some slight mayhem beginning harmlessly enough in an isolated corner will lead to an icy Armageddon where Good and Evil both shall triumph.





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Part 2: MY CAREER (SO TO SPEAK) by ALEX HAWKINS with MYRON COPE

HOW INTANGIBLE CAN YOU GET

I played in the NFL for 10 years, while men who were faster, bigger and stronger than I were cut. Why? A nagging question. I believe the reason was that I was fantastically endowed with intangible qualities. For example, when he was coaching at Baltimore, Don Shula found that I had a better-than-average ability to humor the type of teammate who tends to make Page One by breaking up saloons. Shula knew, too, that if I happened to be broken in half along with the barroom mirror, well, the club would suffer no great loss. Therefore, one summer morning in 1964 he called me to his training-camp office and said, "Hawk, we've just traded with the Steelers for Lou Michaels. How about rooming with him?"

"Absolutely not," I said. Michaels' reputation, which one might summarize as being predictably unpredictable, had preceded him. He's a burly guy with a 5 o'clock shadow on a face that ought to belong to an Arkansas prison guard. As a matter of fact, the Steelers had got rid of him because one night, just as a defensive back named Jim Bradshaw was emerging from the training-camp bathroom whistling a cheerful tune, he walked straight into a left hand thrown by Lou and was put to sleep without having reached bed. I told Shula, "I am not

going to room with anyone who's crazier than I am."

"O.K., O.K.," said Shula. "But do this for me—look after him. Sort of keep an eye on him, O.K.?" I gave Shula my word that I'd do what I could.

At a tavern a few days later, as Lou and I sat in a booth drinking a little too much, I began needling him, because I felt intelligent talking to him. I told him he could learn a thing or two from me. This caused him at last to announce, "I let me tell you something. I'm going to tear your head off."

"Well, Lou," I said, "you go right ahead and take your best shot." I leaned over the table and stuck out my jaw. While Lou was getting ready, polishing his left fist with his right hand, I said, "By the way, hasn't anybody told you?"

"Told me what?"

"You mean you don't know?"

"Know what? What're you talking about?"

"Lord! I guess nobody has told you, Lou," I said, "I own the ball club."

"Don't give me that," snapped Lou. "Carroll Rosenbloom owns the club."

"Yes, but I'm a silent partner. I own a piece of it. As a matter of fact, the night before we traded for you, Carroll called me and said, 'Lou Michaels is

available. What do you think?' And I said, 'Well, let's take a look at him. I'll be with the team all the time, and if I catch him stepping out of line we'll send him back to Swyersville, Pa. with no transportation money.' Now, then, Lou," I said, "you just go right ahead and take your best shot."

"You expect me to buy that?" he said. "You think I'm some kind of dummy?"

"Suit yourself. But here's something you ought to think about. In the few days you've been with the Colts, have you seen me do any real work at practice?" It was true that I hadn't, because Shula usually preferred that I stay out of everyone's way, holding myself ready in the event of a manpower crisis. "You see," I went on, "the reason I get away with loafing is that I'm a player-owner."

Lou unclenched his fist but he remained unconvinced—confused but still unconvinced. The next day, however, I gathered some of the boys and front-office man Bert Bell Jr. and equipment manager Freddie Schubach to propose a small conspiracy. In the days that followed, Lou began overhearing interesting remarks in the dressing room. "Well," a voice would say, "it looks like the Hawk's team will be O.K. this year."

Later, another voice would say, "I got

continued

SHULA CONGRATULATES HAWK (A RARE MOMENT); HAWK SCORES (EQUALLY RARE); HAWK AND OFFICIAL DISAGREE (MORE COMMON)



The author, now the color man for Atlanta Falcon broadcasts, hacked around at six positions during his 10 years in the NFL, but his real contributions were off the field, like baby-sitting for truculent teammates

drunk the other night but it's all right—the Hawk didn't find out about it."

From that point, Lou insisted on paying for my drinks. Furthermore, I found it a cinch to fulfill the mission given me by Shula. One night, for example, when Lou was about to throw a policeman out of a bar, I gave him a stern shaking and sent him home.

Since I was doing such a good job with Lou, Shula assigned me to the famous rookie Joe Don Looney, who had flunked an assistant coach in college. "No," I told Shula, "I am not going to be in the same room with him with the lights out." As in Lou's case, Shula settled for a promise that I would keep an eye on Looney.

One night I received a phone call from a policeman, who said, "I understand you know how to speak Looney language. is that right?"

"We communicate from time to time," I answered.

"Well, we've got him down here at the station. He worked over a couple of guys pretty good, but apparently they're Colt fans and they can't make up their minds whether to press charges. Meanwhile, Looney is acting very belligerent, and we're thinking that it might be helpful if you talked to him."

Now Joe Don, in all fairness, is a very nice boy, a lad I count as a friend. He rarely drinks. But when he does, only a few beers are enough to put him in the mood to slug a couple of total strangers, which is precisely what he had done on the evening in question. By the time I reached the station, however, he had departed, the cops having neither the papers nor the will to stop him. I phoned the Colts' general manager, the late Don Kellitt, figuring that Joe Don might be in deep trouble and need help from the top. "I find him," said Kellitt, "and stay with him."

At about 1 a.m. I found Joe Don at his apartment. I tried to engage him in conversation. He began to talk about his "five-year plan." Joe Don, you see, was a physical-culture fanatic. He showed me pictures of an island off Australia, explaining that he was saving to buy it in partnership with four friends who were equally concerned with the advancement of the human physique. "What are you going to do with this island, Joe Don?" I inquired.

"We're going to get some healthy girls and take 'em over on a boat," he said,

"and then we're just going to breed!"

Eyes glazed, he informed me that he intended to breed a superrace. I kept myself awake until Joe Don dropped off at 5 a.m. As I had told Shula, there was no way in the world I was going to fall asleep in the same room with that man while he remained mobile.

I established therefore as having a talent in player relations, I had a good



LOU MICHAELS: IS HAWKINS AN OWNER?

thing going for me in Baltimore. But in the spring of 1965, looking ahead to my seventh season with the Colts, I committed a serious mistake. I began to think I had football talent. The notion occurred to me when I started hearing reports that the league intended to put an expansion franchise in Atlanta. If I could get with Atlanta, I thought, I no longer would be hidden in the shadows of Raymond Berry and Jimmy Orr. No longer would I be flip-flopping from one position to another, my place dictated by the injuries of other men. I could concentrate on a single position and bring to it my years of savvy. By God, I could become a starter!

Consequently, when it was announced that Atlanta was in business, I reminded Shula of a promise he had made—namely, that in the event of a new franchise he would place my name in the expansion pool. "Hawk," he said, "you have no idea how much confusion there is with an expansion club. If you insist on holding me to my word, all right, but you're going to be sorry." I shrugged. I could scarcely wait for the day I would report to the Falcons' training camp at Black Mountain, in North Carolina, a place that, in the light of developments, I came to call Camp Runamuck.

This sylvan retreat lay 35 miles from Asheville in a mountainous forest, a perfectly sensible location if you are planning to re-create Fort Leavenworth. Driving out from Asheville, I observed with a certain sense of uneasiness that along the entire 35 miles—at least 10 of them torn up—there appeared to be only one bar, and that one about the size of a small porch. I turned off the highway and climbed a narrow, twisting road that led through the forest until at last I came upon a sun-broiled clearing, Camp Runamuck. Formally, it was known as the Blue Ridge Assembly, a YMCA camp. After taking in the compound of ancient frame buildings, I drove off to find the practice field, following the twisting road through half a mile of forest to another clearing, which the Falcons had created by removing about 300 trees. This was the practice field. I tested the ground and found it harder than Peachtree Street at high noon.

"Hello, Leavenworth," I said. "And goodby, Leavenworth." I drove straight back to Asheville and phoned Shula. "Sorry, I can't help you now," he said. "Maybe you'll learn to like it."

North Hecker had come down from Green Bay to be the Falcons' head coach, and because he was determined to be another Lombardi he decided to establish that he was boss. The way he did it was to tire every body. When he wasn't holding meetings he was running us through sprints under a blazing sun, players keeling over and gasping like fish washed up on a beach. Each Wednesday, Hecker gave us a holiday, which lasted four hours—from 7 p.m. till 11. Subtracting the almost two hours required to travel to and from Asheville, and knowing that Asheville is not exactly Miami Beach, it hardly paid to turn over the motor. The daily grind began eating at us. Bill Johnson

Big Mother.

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Rust proofed steel body. Laminated windshield with high impact inter-layer. Roll-up windows. Front hinged safety hood. Anti-burst door locks.

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Channel steel with cruciform bracing. Steel disc type 15" x 5½" wheels. Radial ply red band tires.

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Negative ground 12-volt system. 57 amp. hours battery. Alternator. Twin windtune horns. Two-speed electric windshield wipers. Electric windshield washers. Twin backup lights.

Optional Equipment

Laycock de Normanville overdrive. Operated on 2nd, 3rd, and top gears. Wire wheels—72 spoke, center-locking hex nut type with 5¼" rims. Vinyl tonneau cover, Michelin X red band 185 SR 15" tires, AM/FM or AM push-button radios. Luggage rack. Ski rack attachments. Racing wheels—4 spoke magnesium or aluminum.

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Triumph TR-6



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kn, once a good linebacker hut nearing the end of the trail, kept up an easy-going appearance, at no time complaining, but one day I walked into his room and found him lying in bed gazing at a spider. He turned to me and said, "Alex, I'm in trouble."

"What's wrong, Bill?" I asked.

"Well, for the past three days, off and on, I've been watching that spider spin his web, and you know something? I'm beginning to enjoy it."

Through July and August, Hecker's Camp Runamuck legend plodded on. But come September our food supply began to run out. From the beginning, eating had been a problem. For one thing, an unending series of Protestant religious conferences took place at Runamuck, the result being that at mealtimes we were as apt as not to be locked out of the cafeteria until a lot of little old ladies had put away the last of their rapaxa pudding and patted their lips. Also, the dietitian had quit, following a run-in with our trainer. And once, after we

had sat down to an old North Carolina mountain dish spaghetti ballplayers took sick in droves. But now I learned that a true crisis had come upon us. I was approached by a young man who was one of a group of college kids hired to work in the kitchen and cafeteria.

"What do you like to eat?" he said.

"Why do you ask that?" I said.

"Well, the cooks have left because they agreed to work only for the summer, and the college kids are going back to school. On account of the emergency, four of us have agreed to stay on. I'm the new head cook."

"Can you cook?" I asked.

"No, but I think we can survive if you like canned soup." In the week that remained of camp the players lost, on the average, 15 pounds.

You've heard of people burning their bridges behind them? Well, when we broke camp two of our players went down to a creek bordering the compound and burned a wooden bridge. Don Shula, to be sure, had warned me about life

with an expansion club, and though I had reached my goal, though I had won a job as a starter, I could see he had been right. On the festive day we opened the season against the Los Angeles Rams in Atlanta, a peculiar set of developments occurred that caused me to tell myself, "Yes, this is going to be all uphill."

From the sideline Hecker sent us instructions to run a sweep against Deacon Jones. The play puzzled us, because our game plan called for no sweeps against Deacon's side, but we ran the play anyway and gained about a yard. I noticed that for some reason Hecker appeared pleased. He sent us another messenger, this time with a play none of us had ever heard of. The player knelt in the huddle and drew it on the infield sand. It was then we learned why we had run the sweep. The idea was to move the ball over to the infield base path. That way we would reach sand and the messenger could draw the next play.

Expansion football proved to be everything that its worst critics called it.

Continued

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THE RUMS OF PUERTO RICO

1 Hot Rum Toddy

1 tsp. honey in mug; dissolve with hot water. Add 1/2 oz. Puerto Rican Rum (Gold or White) and a lemon slice studded with four cloves. Fill mug with boiling water. Add cinnamon stick.

2 Thanksgiving Punch

Mix together in a punch bowl 1/4 cup (4 oz.) lemon juice, 1/4 cup (2 oz.) sugar, 1 cup (8 oz.) each of cranberry juice, orange juice and strong tea. Then add 1 "fifth" bottle (2.5 oz.) of White Puerto Rican Rum and a dozen cloves. Introduce ice cubes to chill the punch. Decorate with thin lemon slices. (Serves 15.)

3 Hot Rum and Cider

In a preheated mug containing 1/2 oz. of White or Gold Puerto Rican Rum, add one teaspoon each of maple syrup, sugar and the juice of one lemon; fill with hot apple cider; stir; garnish with two cloves and a slice of lemon.

4 Café Puerto Rico

Pour 1/2 oz. of White or Gold Puerto Rican Rum into a cup of strong, hot black coffee; add one teaspoon sugar and stir; float whipped cream on top.

5 Egg Nog

Beat 12 egg yolks until light; beat in 1/2 lb. sugar till mixture is thick. Stir in 1 qt. milk and a "fifth" of Gold Puerto Rican Rum. Chill 3 hrs., pour into punch bowl. Fold in 1 qt. heavy cream, stiffly whipped. (Chill 1 hr. dust with nutmeg. (Serves 24.)

Quick Recipe: Use 1 qt. eggnog mix from your dairy; add 1/2 oz. rum. Fold in 1 cup heavy cream, whipped. Chill; add nutmeg. (Serves 12.)

6 Tom and Jerry

Beat 1 egg yolk; work in 1 tsp. sugar; 1/4 tsp. allspice; 1 oz. Puerto Rican Rum (Gold or White). Continue to beat until smooth and thick. Beat egg white separately and add to mixture, stirring well. Put mixture into pre-heated Tom-and-Jerry mug; fill with hot milk and dust with nutmeg.

7 Hot Buttered Rum

Dissolve 1 tsp. sugar in a mug with some hot water; add 1 oz. Puerto Rican Rum (Gold or White); a cinnamon stick; a pinch of nutmeg. Fill mug with boiling water; top with pat of butter.

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the proof being that I finished the 1966 season as the Falcons' leading receiver. Knowing how ridiculous it was that I should rank No. 1 in anything but fines paid, I came back to earth. Forced to look at myself on film, I realized just how terrible I was, and I arrived at the conclusion that I would rather be a back-up man with a good club than a first-stringer with an expansion team. Three weeks into the next season I celebrated upon learning that Shula had swung a nothing-for-nothing trade that would take me back to Baltimore for my remaining two years of pro ball.

Even knowing my limitations, I saw one last chance to distinguish myself in a small way before calling it a career. In honor of Don Kellott, who had retired from the general manager's office the previous winter, the Colts had established the Don Kellott Award, which carried a prize of \$5,000 that at season's end would go to the player who most typified the Colt spirit. Of course, nobody ever doubted that I had spirit. I played recklessly, if not well. I had captained the Colts' suicide squad, had I not? Furthermore, taking into account the character of the members of the three-man board appointed to select the award winner, I had every reason to believe that the \$5,000 Don Kellott Award was within my reach. The board consisted of the three Baltimore writers covering the team—Cameron Snyder, Larry Harris and N. P. Clark. I knew the quality they most admired in a player. As soon as I rejoined the Baltimore club, I started buying them drinks.

Within a month the board agreed, informally, that there could be only one choice. Until Halloween night, I was a lock. On that fateful night, while the kiddies of Baltimore were out trick-or-treating and mugging, I sat in the back room of a shopping-center hairbershop enjoying a lively game of poker. About 5 a.m. a commotion out front caused us to look up and see a handful of men dressed in woodchopper costumes burst into the back room. They were, it turned out, Baltimore County police. Right away the one in charge blew his opening line. "This is a card game!" he announced. "I mean, this is a raid!"

With that, we all just sat there, wondering if he was joking. "You're all under arrest," he said. "Everybody stay seated, because we got a photographer here who's going to take pictures." We sat

continued



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for a team picture, but the photographer couldn't get the camera to work. So the head man sent to the station house for another camera.

The second camera wouldn't work, either. The flash wouldn't go off. So the rangers canceled the team picture and started loading us into a paddy wagon, whereupon a new difficulty developed. Nine poker players and a handful of cops were more than the wagon could hold. Three players remained at the curb. "Tell you what," said one of them. "You taking us to a bailiff's office? O.K., I'll drive the rest of us there in my car, but I don't know the way, so I'll have to follow you." The cops agreed, so off we went, me with the boys in the wagon, the overflow following.

Along the way, however, the paddy wagon put on a burst of speed to make a light and left the boys in the car behind. They got lost, and we had to turn back to search for them. All the while, I'm thinking, "The story of my life. I can't even get arrested successfully."

I finally located the others, but when we arrived at the bailiff's office, it was closed; he had gone home. So off we went to a station house. After posting bail, I freshened up and went straight to Shula's office, figuring it would be wise to break the news to him before he saw it in the afternoon papers. "I already heard it on the 7 o'clock news," Shula said, straightaway. "What the hell were you doing in that barbershop at 4:45 in the morning?"

"Look," I said, "you know how I hate to wait in lines."

"This is very serious," Shula snapped. "Rozelle already has talked to Rosenbloom on the phone. You're to call Rosenbloom immediately." A minute later Rosenbloom was telling me the guy running the card game had 33 arrests for selling parlay cards. Now if he had committed three murders it probably would have been a minor matter, but Pete Rozelle is touchy about known gamblers and the player contract stipulates that we cannot have any association with them.

Anyhow, Rosenbloom advised me to keep my nose clean and refrain from speaking to reporters, which was a ridiculous thing to tell a guy who was relying on three of them for a \$5,000 award. First thing after practice that day, Larry Harris of the *Living Sun* said, "What were you doing up at 4:45 playing cards with a guy who has 33 arrests?"

continued



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"Ice!" I shot back, unable to keep my mouth shut. "You're up at 4:45 it's tough enough to get a game going, you can't screen the applicants!" Later, as I read my words in the paper, I realized that I hadn't helped my case.

The next afternoon Harris and Cameron Snyder approached me. "Hawk," said Larry. "I'm worried. You know how Rozelle came down on Karns and Hornung for associating with gamblers. This looks very serious."

"All right," I said. "You guys have always protected me before, so get busy now. Turn it into a joke."

"Not a bad idea," said Snyder. "It just might work." The next day a picture of me catching a pass appeared in the afternoon paper. The caption read, "Winning Hands!" It went on to say, "Alex Hawkins . . . always at his best when the chips are down . . . especially adept at handling the inside-straight pass routes." In another newspaper my picture bore the caption "Ace in the Hole!" All week the newspaper boys poured it on, until the Alex Hawkins Scandal was practically laughed into oblivion.

On Sunday, against the Packers, we trailed 10-0 with six minutes remaining. The game was lost—nobody beat those Packers when they had a 10-point lead with six minutes to play—so Shula said, "It's all over," and put me into the game. With 2:19 left on the clock, Unitas threw me a touchdown pass. And then, bing-bang, we recovered an onside kick and Unitas threw a touchdown pass to Willie Richardson. We had beaten the Packers! Richardson's catch was the big story, of course, but not in the Baltimore papers. The Don Kelleff Award board couldn't find enough ink to describe my catch, and as the Colts went on to win their next five games, that catch was remembered in the papers as the play that touched off the winning streak.

So I survived another season, weathering ugly looks from Rozelle's office, and went on to make it an even 10 years in the NFL. Finally, I retired, having concluded that the game is in a sorry condition when the newspaper guys are more fun than the players.

Oh, yes—about the Kelleff Award. No, I didn't get it. The front office, knowing of no way to prevent the board from voting me in, canceled the award. The Colts gave the \$5,000 to charity. Unwilling to forget the poker game, Shula fined me \$300.

END



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PEOPLE

◆ And now, ladies and gentlemen, The Great Earl Monroe is going to whip the seal off that table and reveal a howl of water! *Loose* At halftime during a Bulls-Philadelphia 76ers game, Monroe, who has been a magi, not "all my life," showed the crowd some sleight of hand. He highlighted the routine by waving his hand at the electric scoreboard and presto! The score changed from a 47-50 deficit to a 57-50 lead while Bull fans cheered. End of show and they went back to playing basketball. And lost, 119-107. Sack up, Earl. But the act still needs a little work.

Since the end of the Series *Johnny Bench* has 1) fulfilled a Reserve commitment to the Army 2) made his debut as a night-club singer 3) served as grand marshal at the University of Cincinnati's homecoming parade 4) contracted to host a syndicated talk show 5) been named to President Nixon's Advisory Council on Physical Fitness and Sport and 6) agreed to accompany Bob Hope on his annual Christmas

tour to Vietnam. With a schedule like that, the 2,475 gallons of gas the Marathon Oil Company gave Bench for his 45 hours won't get him halfway through the winter.

Little Known Moments in Sport
No. 1

There is **Raymond V. (Inky Dink) Banks**, standing on a Baltimore street corner with hat and softball. A friend approaches and police observe Banks open the softball, take something out and hand it over. Ah, the old hollow-software gag, eh? So the lawmen check and, sure enough, that's not stuffing in there, that's heroin. Great detective work. Well, for one thing, Inky Dink wasn't anywhere near a softball field. Just for that, he's now out of the game for two years.

Little Known Moments in Sport
No. 2

Meanwhile, over at D.C. Jail in Washington, the gang is out playing touch football. They break from the huddle, fade away back and scramble over the security fences, dodging shots from a tower guard. As we go to press, three of the players, Nos. 584332, 382241 and 363641, are still out there somewhere. One more thing: the numbers have been changed to protect the public.

Cheered by shouts of "Way to celebrate!" from loyal fans, **Horace Francis** and **Beverly Hallmark** of Eastern Washington State held a kiss for 12 hours to establish what they claim is the new world's record. And then some cynic had to murmur, "Sure, she kissed you once. But will she kiss you again?"

Henry Cooper's gone and returned the European heavyweight title to Britain, but Britain, says Cooper's manager, is not doing right by 'er. "Ency... There's not much point any more in being a fighting hero,"



fumed 74-year-old **Jim Wicks**. "Look at Wellington. The nation gave him \$12,000 a year for winning a few fights and a lump-sum of \$980,000, and that was when he was a penny a loaf! Look at that peer Nelson: not only \$12,000 a year to himself, but to his successors. And I never get too soon to support!" What bugs Wicks is that master footballers and all-star cricketers have tax-free benefits—but a hover, "What does he get? Twenty-seven cents out of every \$2.40 after tax, and permission to buy one dinner a year tax-free." And change your interest, they say, if you hang about. Wanted \$1,640 from us. Said they'd charged what was owing at 6%. I was arguing all day with a lady inspector, if you please. Catch Wellington or Nelson doing that?"

Those poor (in all senses of the word) Orlando Panthers tried to jazz things up with a little fun before the game with the Pennsylvania Firebirds by challenging fans to contests in running, placekicking, passing and punting. So **Al Rogers** wins the footrace, by default. No fans challenge **Karl Kromer** manages to win the placekicking with some muscled nudges, explaining, "I'm saving 'em for the game." Jack-

ie Holmes wins the passing... but loses the punting. Not too bad—Panthers 3, Fans 1. Then comes the game. Holmes fumbles the snap, virtually handing Pennsylvania its first touchdown. The kicker Kromer said he was saving turn out to be the wrong ones—he blows two potential winning field goals in the final 3½ minutes. Not too good. Firebirds 14, Panthers 12. Conclusion: Panthers are better at the fun than the games.

◆ Grandfathers of the world, arise

Wasn't that an old 1952 Ferrari screaming past the Casino at Monaco? It was, indeed. Movie-makers are doing a documentary on the life and times of **Juan Manuel Fangio**, who drove 'em wild in the '50s when he was winning the world championship five times. And who was that at the wheel? It was Fangio himself, almost as fast and every bit as glamorous as 59 years old.

The traditional Quorn Hunt was at it again (they have been at it since 1698), galloping all around Leicestershire in full cry. Then falls his down went Mrs. **Alvin Van Cusen** (a broken right ankle, to be followed by Mrs. **Ulrica Murray-Smith** (damaged vertebrae), Mrs. **Susie Weller-Poley** (more damaged vertebrae) and Mrs. **Anne Linn** (fracture of cracked ribs). A very bad show. As Honorary Hunt Secretary **Jonathan Ingleson** observed gloomily, "We didn't watch a fox all day."

In 1965 the Packers beat the Colts three times, remember? In 1966 they beat the Colts twice. Then, in 1967, Green Bay let Center **Bill Curry** go to New Orleans, whence he was picked up by Baltimore. And the Colts have beaten the Packers in their last four meetings. So here comes the moral: the score is now Packers 5, Colts 4. But Bill Curry wins 'em all.



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It is interesting to note, however, that GM does use torsion bars on two models: the most expensive Cadillac, and the most expensive Oldsmobile.

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Nebraska skins the 'Cats and earns a bowl

The year's top Big Red Machine belongs to Cincinnati but to the Nebraska Cornhuskers, who flayed Kansas State and won another New Year's trip to Miami, which prompted Bob Devaney to claim No. 1

Put on a red cowboy hat and a GO BIG RED button and come along now to watch the Nebraska Cornhuskers play football. Oh, it's some eye-popping scene out in the land of corn and cattle, with those crazy, loyal fans who gather on the campus in Lincoln wearing all sorts of red attire, from bow ties to shoes to underwear. When some 68,000 of them come together, as they did for last week's game with Kansas State, they turn gray Memorial Stadium into a crimson inferno. And in the middle of all this love and madness is the Big Red team, the Cornhuskers. They are unbeaten after 10 games and heading for the Orange Bowl, and now it is becoming apparent even outside Nebraska that they just might be the No. 1 team in the land.

Look what happened Saturday afternoon. Two of the teams ranked ahead of Nebraska, Ohio State and Notre Dame—struggled to 10-7 victories over the likes of Purdue and Georgia Tech. Meanwhile, on a cold and windy day in Lincoln, the Cornhuskers were, well, red-hot while whipping Kansas State and its fine quarterback, Lynn Dickey, 51-13. Afterward in the locker room Nebraska Coach Bob Devaney made himself clear when the press asked what he thought about the polls.

"Well, I know I'm going to vote for us," said Devaney, who fits right into Nebraska's color scheme with his jowly red face and thinning red hair. "I think we have as much right to be No. 1 as any team in the country. We've played some pretty good football teams and beaten them."

Then Devaney went home to wait for telephone calls from the bowls. The way the schedules worked out this season Nebraska was the first highly ranked team eligible under NCAA rules for a bowl invitation. Devaney and his players huddled on Sunday and talked over the situation, and after a vote by the seniors and all the starters it was announced

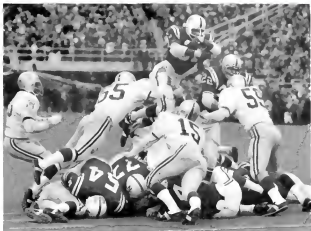
that the Cornhuskers would play in the Orange Bowl. "It was the kids' choice," said Devaney. "I learned long ago that the worst thing a coach can do is take his team to a bowl the players don't want to be in."

The way Nebraska played against Kansas State it looked like a warmup for the Super Bowl. The defense, a spirited group that travels under the ominous name of Black Shirts—they wear black jerseys in practice—conceded the Wildcats' ground attack only 70 yards. They got some unexpected help from Kansas State's best runner, Mike Montgomery. After a disputed play in the second quarter Montgomery ran up to an official, gave him a forearm shot to the back that caused his cap to fall off and was promptly ejected. In their own behalf the Black

Shirts intercepted seven passes off the right arm of Dickey, who is, of course, no worse than the second-best white-shoed quarterback in the world.

The Cornhusker offense was equally merciless. Its very first play from scrimmage was a tricky little counter that sprung Johnny Rodgers for 30 yards and a ridiculously easy touchdown. The Huskers did not let up until they had scored six more times. Tailback Joe O'Duna, who ran for four touchdowns, might be sickest back in the Big Eight since Gale Sayers (they were graduated from the same Omaha high school, by the way), but what he really wants to be is an evangelist like Billy Graham. After the game Joe dressed quickly and took off for Schuyler, Neb., where he addressed a youth group. His topic?

conversion



NEBRASKA'S JOE O'DUNA, WHO SCORED FOUR TIMES, PLAYS KING-OF-THE MOUNTAIN

"Whatever the spirit of the Lord moves me to say," said Orduna, his eyes glowing earnestly.

Devaney is an evangelist of another calling. When he was hired at Nebraska eight years ago he harnessed the region's old-fashioned Americanism, dressed it up in red and put it in the stadium to cheer his teams. His success can be measured in several ways. The stadium's seating capacity has been enlarged by 34,000 seats, and still the demand for tickets is much greater than the supply. In Nebraska's Booster Club, among the country's largest, there is a plan for every pocket, one can cough up as little as \$1 to get into the Extra Point Club or as much as \$2,000 to qualify for Section 300 (whose members have seats in the plush new press box, with crowd noise piped in). There is even something called the Husker Beef Club, a collection of cattlemen who annually contribute some 200 prime steers for the Cornhuskers to devour at their training table. So devoted are the Nebraska fans that 15,000 went to Los Angeles to see the Huskers take Southern California, the only blemish on their record. Kansas Coach Pepper Rodgers couldn't believe it when he saw how many followed Nebraska to Lawrence. "One of these days," he told Devaney, "I'd like to play you at home."

Ah, well, Devaney has always been a powerful preacher. Heading into this season he had won or shared five Big Eight titles, gone to six bowl games in eight seasons and achieved the highest winning percentage (.785) in the country. Until recently he did it mainly with big, slow teams that won by playing defense. Says Orduna: "I hated Nebraska with a passion. It was that three-yards-and-a-cloud-of-dust stuff all the time. I wanted to go to Southern Cal, but Nebraska was the only dogged school that would have me."

Now, however, nobody has a more diversified, devastating attack. Orduna is one reason, Jeff Kinney another. They are so even at tailback that the only way Devaney could pick a starter before the season was to flip a coin. They have alternated every game since, and both rank among the Big Eight's top rushers. At fullback there is Dan Schneiss, who blocks with as much authority as he runs. And at quarterback is another tandem, Jerry Tagge and Van Brownson, both juniors. Last season Tagge broke the school record for total

offense, but his roommate on the road, Brownson, beat him out of the starting assignment by the season's end.

"I guess it's like fighting for a girl," says Tagge. "It's fun, but we both would like to be No. 1."

"Yeah," says Brownson, a man with shaggy good looks, "except I would win the girl every time. On the field, it's different."

All of Nebraska's backs can run and pass. Schneiss threw a 17-yard touchdown pass against Southern Cal, and Orduna threw one for 14 yards against Minnesota. "It took a minute for the ball to come down," says Orduna, "but somehow Guy Ingles was there to catch it." Ingles, the split end, is one of Devaney's sleepers. He is only 5' 9" and 158 pounds, and Devaney was the only major coach willing to gamble on him. Now he is the school's alltime pass receiver but only No. 2 on the team this year, behind Rodgers, the quick little sophomore who is expert at sweeping the ends and going out for the long ones. His early touchdown run against Kansas State, following Jerry Murtaugh's interception of Dickey's first pass, gave the Huskers instant momentum.

"It was a play we had put in especially for this game," said Rodgers. "I was so happy when I got into the end zone I wanted to do it again."

"With that field position I thought we could pop one right off," said Tagge, who earned the starting nod over Brownson and quarterbacked until victory was certain. "I just told Johnny Rodgers to take it and follow Bob Newton's block."

So give the offense its due, but the game really belonged to the Black Shirts. Tackle Dave Walline, the man who put Missouri's best runner, Joe Moore, out for the season, had a lot to do with stopping Kansas State's runners. With Nebraska leading 24-7 in the third quarter, another Black Shirt, Joe Blahak, intercepted on the Nebraska 17 and returned the ball to the State 30. Seven plays later Orduna scored. On the first play after the ensuing kickoff Blahak intercepted another pass, which he returned 21 yards to the State 12. This time it took all of three plays for Nebraska to score, Tagge passing to Schneiss. By now Kansas State's Purple Pride was a purple pulp, but the Black Shirts were not finished. Early in the fourth period John Adkins' fumble recovery led to another Orduna touchdown, and on the first play

after the kickoff Monster Man Dave Morock intercepted and returned the ball 43 yards for a touchdown. At this point nobody would have been surprised to see Dickey take off his white shoes and wave them in surrender.

"The Black Shirts sure took care of ol' White Shoes, didn't they," said Bob Newton.

News of the Ohio State and Notre Dame scores touched off a lot of hugging and shouts of "We're No. 1" in the dressing room, and don't snicker, maybe they are. Right now the Cornhuskers look as powerful as Texas and as quick and well balanced as Notre Dame. If they do not get to the top this season, however, wait till next year. Only Murtaugh, Walline and Morock will be lost from the Black Shirts, you see, and down on the freshman team are plenty of athletes, including a fast-dealing quarterback from Las Vegas. Which means hold onto your red cowboy hat and your GO AND REP button. They will be in style for a long, long time.

THE WEEK

by PAT PUTNAM

MIDWEST

1. MICHIGAN (9-0)
2. NEBRASKA (9-0-1)
3. NOTRE DAME (8-0)

While Michigan and Nebraska were moving forward in impressive fashion, beating Iowa and Kansas State by a combined score of 106-13, those other unbeaten monsters of the Midwest, Notre Dame and Ohio State, suddenly found themselves climbing toward No. 1 on their hands and knees.

All last week Ara Parseghian warned anyone who would listen that Georgia Tech's quick defenders were going to be tough to handle. Not too many people listened. The bookies made the top-ranked Irish a 27-point favorite. And in the subways the honorary alumni were saying things like "This is Ara's greatest team ever," and "Get off my foot, you dummy, what are you, a Texan fan?" Then they played and Notre Dame was lucky to escape with a 10-7 victory.

"We had to be good to pull this one out," said Parseghian in the same relieved tone that Xerxes must have used after Ther-

continued

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mopelay. Like the Persians, the Irish moved well—until they got close. Twice Joe Thesmann passes were intercepted, once a Notre Dame fumble wound up in Tech hands and three times Notre Dame field-goal attempts fell short. Finally, with 3:20 remaining in the third quarter, sophomore Scott Smith kicked a 34-yard field goal, and Notre Dame led 3-0. The advantage was short-lived. Shortly after, on a first-down-and-25 play, Tech Quarterback Eddie McShan hit Larry Sindrud with a 66-yard touchdown pass, and the stunned Irish were trailing 7-3 and facing a chilling 20-knot wind going into the last quarter. Things became even more bleak when Thesmann drove the Irish deep into Tech territory only to have a pass stolen at the end zone.

Undaunted, Thesmann kept pitching, and with less than 10 minutes to play he connected on a 44-yard pass to Ed Gubias, who caught the ball while lying on his back at the Tech 34. Suddenly spurred, it took Notre Dame just six plays to score from there, with Donny Allan scrambling two yards behind the blocking of Larry DeNard for the go-ahead. Thesmann finished the afternoon with 293 yards passing and running, giving him school records of 2,136 yards for the season and just over 5,000 for his career.

In Lafayette, Ind., with President Nixon watching on television, Ohio State huffed and puffed and finally blew Purdue down 10-7 by means of a 30-yard field goal with 2:04 to play, which did little for Woody Hayes' humor. "I think positively," he snapped at reporters who suggested that Ohio State no longer looked like, well, Ohio State. "You don't win with a negative attitude. You can call me bawdiest, mouthy or whatever, but you don't talk down to my players. I don't, and I don't expect you to. If you want to write us off, that's your business. The old cliché isn't going to, though."

With Purdue acting as though it were in another game-hilling mood, there were times when it didn't seem to matter what the old coach was thinking. Playing in a soggy combination of rain, sleet and snow, neither team managed so much as a first down for the first 10½ minutes. Then the Buckeyes drove 71 yards in six plays, sending Big Ten scoring leader John Brockington off right tackle for the final 26 yards and the touchdown. Twelve seconds later, just long enough for marvelous Stan Brown to grab the kickoff and run 96 yards, it was a 7-7 tie.

After that Purdue was either punchees or Ohio State was awesome defensively, depending, of course, upon which side of the stadium you were sitting. Purdue managed just three first downs, 54 yards rushing and 17 passing. But six times the Buckersmakers found themselves with first downs inside the Ohio State 41, once as close as the 17, and six times they gave up the ball.

Early in the fourth quarter Purdue had moved to the Buckeyes' eight and was faced with a fourth and one. While everyone was waiting for the field-goal kicker to come charging onto the field, Purdue sent Brown straight into the middle of the Ohio State line. And he got rapped by Linebacker Doug Adams. No gain and no first down and no more opportunities would come Purdue's way. It was one of 17 straight times the Buckersmakers had failed on a third or fourth down. With that kind of record, coach, why didn't you go for the field goal? "Well," said Bob DeMoss, "I thought we could make a first down." Oh.

When Woody Hayes got his chance he said to hell with first downs and sent in his kicker, Fred Schram. Ron Macagnola—in for Rex Kern, who had completed only one of six passes for three yards—had brought Ohio State to the Purdue 13 with just a little more than two minutes to play. In came Schram, up went the kick and President Nixon reached for a telephone. First he called to congratulate Hayes. Then he called DeMoss. "I know how you feel," Nixon said. "I've had a couple of tough losses myself."

Meanwhile Michigan was warning to the task of facing Ohio State this week by plying Iowa under 55-0, and (l) Bo Schenbeler was not a man considerate of his fellow coaches that easily could have been doubted. Michigan scored five of the first six times it had the ball as Quarterback Don Moorhead increased his career total offense to 3,528 yards, breaking the Wolverine record set by All-America Bob Chappuis in 1942-47. Schenbeler's defensive assistants held Iowa to just 88 yards on the ground and 34 through the air. Afterward someone made the mistake of trying to compare Schenbeler with Woody Hayes, his ex-coach and ex-hoss. "Don't do that," said Bo. "That makes you look bad. I'm not that good and I'll never be."

No matter who wins this week's Big Ten championship game, it now appears that Ohio State will certainly make the Rose Bowl trip. Northwestern, with one loss, has only the barest of outside chances. Should Ohio State lose, putting it into a tie for second with Northwestern, the Big Ten athletic directors would vote Saturday night on the most representative team, which, obviously, is Ohio State. Northwestern's only chance is that should the athletic directors somehow manage to deadlock in the voting, however, the tie would be broken by eliminating the team that made the most recent Pasadena trip. Michigan is eliminated under the Big Ten's absurd rule because it was in the Rose Bowl last year.

In Lawrence, Kan. Oklahoma watched Gregory Peck mow down the Indians in a movie called *The Seafox*. Moon, then went off and mowed down Kansas 28-24 to keep

alive hopes of tying Nebraska for the Big Eight championship. Oklahoma intercepted two passes in the dying minutes, saving the victory and prompting Kansas Coach Pepper Rodgers to mutter, "I'm really depressed. Three things can happen when you pass, but only one happened to us."

SOUTHWEST

1. TEXAS (8-0)
2. ARKANSAS (8-1)
3. TEXAS TECH (8-2)

Not wishing to be embarrassed, Darrell Royal kept his starters in for most of the game in a poll-mad Texas bombed hapless Texas Christian 58-0. It was the Longhorns' 28th consecutive victory, and it should have made a lot of voters forget The Great Big for Sure of the week before. With today's emphasis on position in the polls it is not enough just to win, and the Longhorns can play the numbers game as well as any. Not that they necessarily like it, "I hated to see that score climb just as much as TCU," said Royal. "Good golly, somebody asked me if I didn't lose the last team in longer than I had them in there when we led 30-0 in the third quarter. But TCU would have the wind in the fourth quarter, and now—adds 30 points can go like zip. It's really embarrassing when you put back your first team out and then have to put it back in."

When Texas recovered a fumbled punt return and went in for a quick score and a 37-0 lead Royal finally pulled his starters. Then the reserves scored three times more.

"Big scores are a bad deal, I know," said Halfback Jim Brennen, who scored three times against TCU. "But that's the way they vote a national champion, not how many points you score against people. Guys will tell you we're just out there to win, but you've got to be a realist."

When Texas beat Baylor by only seven points and found itself slipping in the polls, the fans were less than happy. It was just TCU's bad luck to be the next opponent. "We were all upset over the reaction of the people," said Linebacker Bill Zapala.

"I do think they were a little shocked about the reaction," said Royal.

And now that Texas fans are happy again, will someone play taps over TCU?

Elsewhere in the Southwest Conference, which is Arkansas, the Razorbacks were also dealing in reality as they whipped SMU 36-3 and matched Texas step for step in the race for the conference championship. In route to the victory, Arkansas intercepted nine passes, and Placekicker Bill McClard, well on his way to both the SWC and national kicking records, booted the longest

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field goal in collegiate history. It went 60 yards and caromed off the peppermint-striped crossbar, bounding up in the tuba section of the Razorback band. Oomph!

In Waco, Texas Tech clung to its slight chance for the championship when Charles Napper threw an eight-yard wailing pass to Ronnie Ross to beat Baylor 7-3.

WEST

1. AIR FORCE (9-1)
2. ARIZONA STATE (8-0)
3. STANFORD (8-2)

Roses are roses are roses, and sometimes they wilt, and so do people who run bowl games when things happen like Air Force bombing Stanford 31-14. After the previous week's loss to Oregon, for the Air Force it was all or nothing if there were to be any post-season goodies. Up in the Colorado high country the Falcons offed 30-mph winds, a 28 chill and players like Quarterback Bob Parker and Flanker Ernie Jennings.

"We played like there was no tomorrow," said Parker, who passed 13 times to Jennings for 174 yards and three touchdowns. "We were prepared to use everything we had. There was no use saving it."

Defensively, the Falcons poured on the muscle. They switched Eugene Ogilvie from tackle to end and moved 235-pound Buster Allaway to tackle. Cornerman Cyd Maattala moved to rover, with a big sophomore named

Owens. "And when you live through an afternoon like that, you think about it. We were looking to reciprocate."

Reciprocate is one word for it. UCLA was favored to win by three points but lost 61-20. And Owens never let up. With the score 54-12 Washington booted an onside kick, recovered it and turned it into a touchdown. Sonny Sivikiller, the Husky quarterback, hit 18 of 35 passes for 277 yards and three touchdowns. Then he made way for another sophomore, Greg Collins, who completed six of 11 passes for three more scores. You have to wonder what they were mad about; they didn't even *plus* last year.

With more bowl scouts around than there are sausages on a 54 pizza Arizona State's Sun Devils zoomed past Utah 37-14, stretching their victory streak to 14. Utah hadn't allowed a touchdown in its three previous games.

SOUTH

1. LSU (7-1)
2. TENNESSEE (7-1)
3. MISSISSIPPI (7-1)

Depend on the Southeastern Conference just when the cream begins rising, some aspirin comes along and shakes the bottle. Auburn was 7-1 and reung after its Oct. 24 loss to LSU, and if the Tigers were going to lose again it surely would not be to Georgia (4-4 and falling). But after a first half that ended with a 37-17 tie, Georgia put it all together, offense and defense, and made it look easy, winning 31-13. "I just don't know how we lost four games," said Georgia End Charles Whittemore, to which Auburn Coach Shug Jordan said amen. "They beat us just about every way you can," said Jordan. "They were simply more effective in every phase, including passing, where I was beginning to believe we excelled."

While Tennessee (7-1) took a week off, LSU plunged on toward its Dec. 5 showdown with Mississippi by coupling a good start with a good finish to beat Mississippi State 38-7. The Tigers opened with two scores, splattered through the middle period and then finished with three touchdowns, all the while improving their No. 1 rushing defense by holding State to a mere six yards. LSU has now gone 11 straight games without giving up a touchdown on the ground.

The last player to score that way against LSU was Archie Manning, who spent last Saturday with a cast on his broken left arm watching Shug (Who's) Chumbar pass for four touchdowns while Mississippi was defeating Chattanooga 44-7. "I was a little concerned at first," said Chumbar, a 6'4" junior making his first start, "but as things

went along I began to feel better." Later when after Chattanooga's lone score Vernon Studdard took the ensuing kickoff 86 yards into the end zone, returning the game to its proper perspective.

For Mississippi fans the word from the media on Manning is bright. He is expected to return for the game against LSU, and if not then certainly he will be ready when the Rebels play someone on Jan. 1.

EAST

1. DARTMOUTH (8-0)
2. PENN STATE (6-3)
3. BOSTON COLLEGE (6-2)

Unbeaten Dartmouth was moving on the ground and through the air, but it wasn't moving into the end zone and, with 48 minutes gone by, the best the 15th-ranked Indians could show was a 3-0 lead against tough Cornell. Then, at just 3:07 of the fourth quarter, Halfback John Short banged over from the three. Turned on now, the Indians punched across to a more touchdown to win their eighth straight victory 24-0. The Dartmouth defense, ranked fourth in the nation, recorded its fifth shutout while holding Ed Mannaro, the country's leading rusher, to 60 yards, his lowest total of the year.

After a terrible season's start Penn State appears to have found itself. The Easts scored their fourth straight victory by defeating southern Ohio University 32-22 and left a Peach Bowl scout, Bill Robinson, warm with the idea of having Penn State and Air Force play in Atlanta. Never mind that, said Coach Joe Paterno, we still have to play Pitt this Saturday. "He sure can play Mike Smith," putted Robinson. Smith set a single-game Lion record by intercepting four passes, returning one of them 28 yards for a touchdown.

Boston College played an offensive first half and a defensive second half to rack Pitt 21-6 and hold a commanding lead in every department except co-captains. Pitt fielded 21 seniors for the co-ovos against BC's tri-captains—and lost the flip.

Syracuse's bid for a sixth straight victory died in the hands of Linebacker Dale Friley, who intercepted a pass late in the fourth quarter, and West Virginia rolled on to a 28-19 victory. The theft came with West Virginia leading 21-19 but Syracuse moving strongly toward another score. "That interception made me the happiest man in West Virginia," said Coach Bobby Bowden.

Army, which has been having its problems, stunned Oregon for three quarters with a stout defense and three field goals by Arden Jensen and then held on gamely to salvage a 22-22 upset tie.

END

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

THE LINEBACKER Air Force's All-America-class rover, Ernie Jennings, gathered in 13 passes for 174 yards and three touchdowns, which constituted the tallest part of the Falcons' 31-14 victory over Rose Bowl-bound Stanford.

THE BACK Joe Orduna, who scored three touchdowns against Iowa State two weeks ago, got four against Kansas State on runs of three, 16, one and two yards. With that and plenty of defensive muscle, Nebraska won 51-13.

Duke Mitchell taking his corner. Some moves. Four times Stanford's Jim Plunkett was tagged for losses, Ogilvie was in on three of those plays. And it was Ogilvie who covered a Plunkett fumble when Maattala blitzed and caught him at the Stanford 28. That set up Air Force's last touchdown.

Last year UCLA humbled Washington 57-14, and a score like that can haunt a loser for a long time. "They caught us short-handed," said Washington Coach Jim

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No U.S. athlete has set as many records in 1970 as Dave Romansky

Blue-collar walker

ringing bells, saying, "Hi, I'm Dave Romansky, and..."

While the Dave Romansky Olympic Fund was swelling, so were Dave Romansky's feet. He walked 80 miles a week in the winter, 100 to 125 miles in warmer weather. The training paid off, and Romansky made the Olympic team in the 50-kilometer walk. Unfortunately, in Mexico City, he came down with the flu four days before his event and finished 26th. "It was 80°," he recalls, "and I was so cold I wore a jacket."

Returning home, he found that the folks in Pennsville were still behind him. He was asked to speak at Lions Club banquets. He coached youngsters in running. The New Jersey Jaycees presented him with their Physical Fitness Leadership Award. The Pennsville Jaycees named

him the Outstanding Citizen of the Year. He received letters of congratulations from Pennsylvania Governor Raymond Shafer and Philadelphia Mayor James Tate. These letters hang on a wall of the Romansky living room, along with a note from President Nixon thanking him for his endorsement in 1968.

Without a college education, Romansky's search for a better job has been futile. He was refused a position at the Penns Grove YMCA because he didn't have a degree. "I took a \$200-a-month pay cut at duPont to switch from driving a truck so I could have weekends off to train and work with the kids," he says. He has to leave his house at 7:15 a.m. to be on the job, returning in the late afternoon and leaving again to work out until after 8. "Then he eats, goes to sleep and gets up again," says Dot.

His house is small, the payments hard to meet. Dot stocks the freezer with weekly grocery specials, makes stew, orders the children's clothes from a Sears catalog. She just bought their daughter Denise, 7, a new yellow nightgown. It won't fit her for a few years, but it only cost \$2.

Dave Romansky is patriotic as well as hard-working and thrifty. He was stunned when his employer called walking a hobby. "It ceases to be a hobby when you represent your country," Romansky says, "but they don't understand that." He speaks with emotion of a recent trip to Germany. "I earned the flag in the opening ceremony—the first time for a walker. I asked them if they didn't just want me to hold it for a second, or if there were some mistake. But they meant it. It was the proudest moment of my life."

Although he has to take time off from his job without pay for trips—time that is subtracted from his pension—Romansky refused an invitation to join the New York Athletic Club, one of the few clubs that helps its athletes financially. "I don't like their politics," says Romansky, a registered Republican. "Between not letting in Jews and not letting in Negroes, I couldn't go back to the track club and tell those kids anything if I did that."

So his wife struggles as she throws his dirty track suit in the washing machine. "It's not easy to go without money every time he goes away when you have three kids," Dot says, "but I wouldn't ask him to give it up when he's doing so well."

END

A not so funny thing happened to Dave Romansky last Sunday morning in Glen Cove, N.Y., where he went to try to break the American record in the 50-kilometer walk. There wasn't a soul in sight. Five hours later Romansky, a 32-year-old, \$150-a-week pipe insulator for duPont, learned the race had been held in Brookville, N.Y., four miles away. Listen, it could've been worse: Romansky has already broken 11 American and three world records this year, including the 50 kilometers.

While race walking is a laughing matter for many, for Dave Romansky it has been a means of changing a life that began in Penns Grove, N.J., and seemed to be leading no farther than Pennsville, N.J., seven miles away, where he now lives with his wife Dot and their three children. "I'd never been to New York City or on an airplane until I was 26," he says.

Six years ago Romansky was working in a warehouse, growing prematurely middle-aged from boredom and prematurely fat from drinking too many beers in front of too many TV shows. His brother, a schoolteacher who runs to keep in shape, encouraged him to take up distance running to lose weight, but he was, as he admits, "terrific." In 1964 he finished 28th in a field of 30 in a four-mile road race. In the 1966 Boston Marathon, in which he was beaten by a 23-year-old girl, he made it to the finish line only because an old lady shouted at him, "You keep running, young man!"

The following year it was suggested that he switch to walking, which he was just about doing anyway. The effect was as if Mozart had been hacking around with, say, sculpture until somebody said, "Hey, Wolfgang, did you ever think of giving the harpsichord a whirl?" In his first big race Romansky finished fourth, and two years after he took up the sport he set his first American record.

He was off to the 1968 Olympic Trials—if he could get up the dough to get to South Lake Tahoe. The Pennsville Junior Chamber of Commerce came to the rescue with a Dave Romansky Olympic Fund. (Raising money for trips is always a hassle, but Romansky's neighbors rally round. A travel agent extends credit, a gas station owner keeps the family car in gas and does free repairs; a grocer donates \$150 worth of food. Romansky himself goes from door to door,

Goodby Billy and Hello Willy

The Kidd has retired and the U.S. Alpine ski team now has a canny old coach who wants to win—but is too smart to make any promises

Do not get your hopes up. Better not make any bets. But you might consider this fact: the misguided optimism of yesterday has departed, to be replaced by a sense of quiet determination on the U.S. Alpine ski team. The age of Willy Schaeffler has arrived, and with it comes a solid Teutonic pattern of things that promises stability—if not a steady stream of medals—for the next couple of years.

As everybody knows, the U.S. ski team has a long history of starting seasons with trumpet blasts heralding success, then fading into deep and depressing mediocrity. Mostly this aura of constant disappointment was due to the super salesmanship of former Alpine Director Bob Beattie: his ability to promote and raise hopes was superior to his team's basic ability to ski.

In addition, there are those who always have felt U.S. hopes of outsking the Alpine nations will be doomed to mediocrity until participants are drawn from a wider pool of athletes. Give us some Jerry Wests, a Gale Sayers or two, some Johnny Benches and a John Havlicek and we'll beat the world—well, at least the French and Austrians. And as for direction, there are those who insist that U.S. ski racing won't really succeed until it inherits a coach with the hite and powers of a Vince Lombardi.

It has not come to that. The racers still look pretty much the same, which is young, vigorous and bright. But the team as a unit is pointed in a new direction, and if Schaeffler is nether a Beattie nor a Lombardi he is perhaps something equally interesting, somewhere between the two.

Willy Schaeffler is one tough gentleman. At 54, his blond curls are growing ever more sparse and the network of wrinkles is creeping farther beyond his deep-set blue eyes. But there is a litheness to his step, a drollness to his wit and a hint of steel in his moves. There is about this rugged old former Bavarian shepherd boy a quality of experience, of Old World common sense and au-

thority, and one must suspect that perhaps the U.S. Ski Association could not have selected a better man for these uncertain times. Out of the depressing tempests of politics, personal feuds, manufacturers' unvarnished avarice and damaged spirits that buffeted the American team last year, the USSA convinced Willy Schaeffler he should head the Alpine program through this season and next—which, of course, will include the 1972 Winter Olympics at Sapporo.

As far as sheer technical achievement by a ski coach, no one can match Willy's record at the University of Denver, where his teams have won no fewer than 13 of the total 17 NCAA sking championships. Indeed, since he arrived at Denver in 1948 (following a boyhood with the sheep of Bavaria, a teen-age period as one of the finest junior skiers in Germany and an early manhood in the Wehrmacht doing bloody battle along the Russian front), Schaeffler's teams have won a fantastic total of 120 of the

123 meets they have entered. And as Willy has been often heard to cry out during a radiant postmeet celebration: "It iss fun to win!"

Such fun has been notably rare among U.S. Alpine skiers over the years. As Willy gathered his brood about him in Colorado last week for the final preparation before the painfully long World Cup season that starts Dec. 12 in Italy, he spoke with what could only be described as finely controlled optimism: "We do the best we can and that could be pretty good. I tell these young kids, 'Look, we must hurry now. You may have 10 years to ski race, but I have only two years to succeed and we must not disappoint me.'"

At the moment, the best possibility for keeping Willy from being grandly disappointed is—as usual—the women's team. The coach of the girls in the new regime is Hank Tauber, 29, son of a wealthy glovemaster out of Gloversville, N.Y., for three years an assistant women's coach when Beattie ran the show and last season a racer-closer on the European circuit for Head Ski Co. Tauber is effusively optimistic: "American girls are potentially better than any team in the world right now." That has a familiar ring. Still, of the eight-member team he would take to Europe, the sisters Marilyn and Barbara Cochran of Vermont—



SURROUNDED BY HIS SKING BROOD, SCHAEFFLER SUMMONS UP A WHIMING SMILE

both medal winners at last year's world championships in Val Gardena—and Karen Budge of Wyoming are all ranked in or near the top seeding for slalom, giant slalom and downhill.

And what of the men? For the first time in almost a decade there is no longer the southearted Billy Kidd, shaggy-haired and intense, spilling over with promise and hope, but doomed—again and again—to wrench that frail ankle or snap a bone and somehow derail himself during a season. Is there a new Billy Kidd coming up? "Well, ah," said the diplomatic Herr Schaeffler, "maybe we cannot get along well without Billy's leadership and his mind, but we do not need Billy's injuries. Billy did what he could last year. He reached his peak—he squeezed everything he could from himself when he won the gold medal for the combined in Val Gardena. He could really do nothing more but retire. I do not think he would have done any one favors by coming back."

Without Billy Kidd the U.S. team is hard put for star-caliber names and possibly for any consistent world-class performances. Back from last year are Spider Sabich, Eric Poulsen, Bob Cochran, Hank Kashiwa and Rick Chaffee (the last two have been declared eligible since they rid themselves of ski-company contracts, which caused such furor last spring). The new name most mentioned is that of Steve Lathrop, 19, a strapping soccer player and graceful slalom skier from Middlebury College. In Val Gardena young Lathrop, just up from the B team, burst into dazzling, if short-lived, display by finishing third in the first run of the slalom. Unhappily, he fell on the second run. But he is bigger and stronger this year and is considered to be the brightest prospect on the team.

Still, whatever the American men manage to do this season they will find themselves in an enormously classy arena of world competition. They must face Patrick Russell, Jean-Noël Augert and Alain Penz of France, Gustav Thoni of Italy and Bernard Russi of Switzerland and here he comes again—Karl Schranz. It is true, though the incomparable Austrian declared his retirement last spring after he won his second straight World Cup, he has jauntily announced from his pension in St. Anton that he is planning to compete once again.

But the current fortunes of Karl Schranz have not yet affected the world

of Willy Schaeffler and the U.S. ski team. For the moment Willy is in a struggle to rebuild from the shambles of morale and performance left by some of his predecessors. For a time the USSA was run by an assortment of Major Hoopes. That period seems to be over now that a bright IBM executive named Charles Gibson is the new USSA president. But there is precious little money for the team to go racing on. \$201,910 to be exact, the smallest budget in several seasons.

Still Schaeffler is philosophical: "We are trying not to leave out one damn thing to make the kids ready for the season. Unless it costs big money. Then we leave it out."

Beyond the usual summer conditioning at Mammoth Mountain in California, at Portillo, Chile and at Thredbo in Australia, Schaeffler has instituted an intensive battery of psychological tests for the kids. If nothing else will improve, at least their vocabularies will, for the entire team is talking casually these days of kinesiology, aerobic and anaerobic organisms, of cardiovascular readouts, agility quotients and psychocybernetics (a kind of Zen for technocrats). Willy also has deep-think detailed letters from each team member's parents and ex-coaches, outlining observations about the kid's motivational drives, psychological hang-ups and habits, good and bad.

Schaeffler has injected a sense of firm control all right. As symbolic of the change as anything is the soft-are-goods revolution around the team. In 1969-70 a full snafu set in over the question of uniforms. The team wound up traveling the World Cup circuit dressed like—well, as Schaeffler puts it, "They looked like they were all refugees from a Greek earthquake." Not now. The racers have been practically inundated in stylish piles of clothing—much of it pieces they have designed themselves, then have had tailor-fit to order. They have travel sweaters and training sweaters and even sweaters, Stars-and-Stripes warmup suits, a one-piece racing suit with a muted wet look, red-white-and-blue haws, white racing gloves with blue stars on the knuckles and party pants suits for the girls.

Win or lose, U.S. skiers will look nice and, with the tough U.S. ski team around, maybe a few of them may even learn that it really *is* fun to race! **END**

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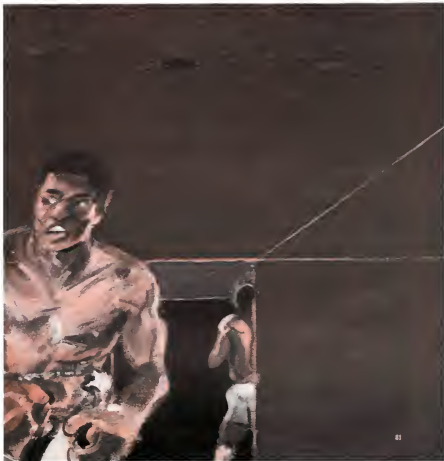
Though millions saw Muhammad Ali return to the ring after years of exile, none had a closer view than this old friend. An eloquent diary of the day in Atlanta—and how it all added up to more than a mere exchange of punches

by George Plimpton

They had been there for 13 days, in a cottage by a small dun-colored lake in suburban Atlanta: thick woods in back, with the autumn foliage still and heavy from a rain that had come through the night before. The railroad tracks were half a mile or so back through the woods, the freight trains going by once in a while—heavy and long loads, they must have been, because the whistle would die mournfully off in the distance while the wheels of the last cars clicked slowly and distinctly across the sidings on the far side of the ridge.

The cottage belonged to State Senator Leroy Johnson,

continued



one of the key figures in Muhammad Ali's return to the ring. He had donated it to the Ali contingent for its training headquarters, and on this, the day of the Jerry Quarry fight, the interior was a shambles. The bedrooms, three of them, were crowded with unmade cots and half-filled suitcases. In the main room, where the curtains were drawn to provide a permanent gloom for TV and film watching, a mounted kingfish had fallen off the wall and lay with its tail in the fireplace. Beside it floated a half-deflated balloon with an inscription on it that read *SOME BROTHER*. Scattered about the floor were newspapers and boxing journals, along with strips of film, soiled socks, upturned ashtrays and various items of athletic equipment, including a shuttlecock (there was a sagging badminton net out in the backyard), sweat pants and boots. Above an unmade cot a bed sheet was tacked to the wall to be used as a motion picture screen. A long sofa was set along one wall, with a television console opposite. In the corner of the dining alcove stood a big trunk marked *MUHAMMAD ALI—THE KING*. On it lay a yellow pad on which someone had written the words, "Joy to the whole wide world a champion was born at 1121 W Oak Street Louisville Ky it was . . ." An unfinished document in the hands-writing, it turned out, of Cassius Clay Sr.

By contrast, the kitchen was neat—a woman's touch provided by a cousin of the Senator who came in every day to provide meals for the camp. "I don't even dare look in those other rooms," she said.

Outside, Muhammad Ali was just returning from his weigh-in at the Regency Hyatt House in downtown Atlanta. The cottage began to fill with his entourage: his father; his brother, Rahman; Angelo Dundee, his trainer-adviser; Bundini, his assistant trainer; his official biographer; his official photographer; sparring mates; his accountant and a number of business advisers; a couple of reporters: a man dressed entirely in green, including green shirt, tie and socks, who was a detective supplied by the police and who had a squat-nosed gun at his hip. Another armed man was posted outside. He was supposed to keep people away from the fighter, but his function seemed to be to show people to the cottage door.

At noontime Jim Jacobs, the former handball champion, arrived with a fight film he had recently completed on the career of the first black heavyweight champion, Jack Johnson, which he thought would particularly interest Muhammad Ali. The parallels between the two fighters are striking—both exiled from the sport, both in difficulty with legal authorities, both great showmen in and out of the ring. Ali lounged on the sofa, a telephone close at hand, and watched the film begin to flicker on the bed sheet. "Look at these advantages I have," he whispered. "Quarry—he don't have a machine and moves like this. He has nothing to look at but the walls."

To Jacobs' despair, Ali's attention was constantly interrupted by the phone at his side. Instantly he picked it up when it rang, invariably to find the caller trying to cadge a few tickets for the fight. Ali would announce himself, often to a startled squawk from the other end, and he would go on to say that buses were scheduled to leave the Regency an hour before the fight, and he would arrange to see that those aboard got into the arena. Sometimes Ali knew the caller personally, and he would call out: "Sidney Portier, you're my man" or "Whitney Young, my goodness."

Jacobs kept his film running throughout the interruptions. Ali paid as much attention as he could, lolling on the sofa, sucking on a blue plastic toothpick. Occasionally he rolled his shoulders to keep the muscles loose. "Jack Johnson," he said, reverently. He mentioned that the old fighter's facial features looked a little like Babe Ruth's. The phone rang, and he bent over the receiver, talking into it softly. He hung up the phone, and the sight of Johnson chasing a chicken caught his fancy; he wondered aloud if running after a particularly lively chicken wouldn't be a valuable training exercise for a fighter. He thought he might have some for his next fight. At one point in the film the deep, simulated voice of Johnson announced, just prior to the Jim Jeffries fight: "If I felt any better, I'd be scared of myself . . ." and Ali laughed. One felt that he might have stored the line away for future use. He was interested that Johnson always insisted on being the first fighter to climb into the ring, that this was so important to him that the procedure was a stu-

lation written into his contracts. But the Johnson antics in the ring were what made Ali lean forward out of the sofa; if he was talking to someone on the phone, his voice would trail off. When Johnson grinned and appeared to taunt Tommy Burns in the early rounds of their fight in Australia that won him the heavyweight championship, Ali commented, "He's something else." He watched Johnson make a derisive gesture with his glove, waving goodbye to Burns as he turned for his corner at the end of a round. "Look at that," Ali said. "He's signifying. 'See you later, partner.' I believe I'll do that with Quarry tonight."

Angelo Dundee stared uneasily across the room. "Just like him to pick up some crazy notion from that film," he said. "Why doesn't the phone keep ringing?"

On the bed sheet, scenes of the Johnson-Stanley Ketchel fight were beginning. Ketchel was a middleweight fighting far over his class (the publicity moves of the signing for the fight show him in a long camel's hair coat and extra-high cowboy boots to disguise his relative lack of stature), and at one stage of the bout Johnson bullied him to the canvas and then, almost apologetically, picked him up and set him on his feet as one would a child. Watching the film, one half expected Johnson to dust him off. Ali was delighted. "Tonight," he said, "just set Quarry down and pack him up." He rocked back and forth.

"Oh, my," said Dundee. "At the bell you never know what's going to happen with this fellow." (Before the second Liston fight, the one scheduled for Boston that was postponed when the champion suffered a hernia, Ali was toying with the idea of hiding a muleta in his boxing trunks. He planned to produce it in the first round and play Liston like a bull.)

With the first reel of the film over, Ali suddenly stood up, amid a flurry of phone calls, and announced that it was time for his lunch. He sat down in the dining alcove to a meal of beets, greens and lamb chops, which he announced were more digestible than other meats and thus just right for a fight day. He ate with considerable relish, and then announced he was going to "settle" his meal with a half-hour walk. He was accompanied on his stroll by reporters, a

business adviser or two, the green-out-fisted detective and Jim Jacobs, who in turn was accompanied by a camera crew. Ali led this contingent off into the woods, carrying a 7-foot staff—a patriarchal figure with his flock capering about him.

The cottage seemed relatively quiet in his absence. Dundee said that he had not been surprised by the bedlam in the cottage, the shouting, the phones going. "It's always been like this," he said. "Since the very beginning. The kid's big concern on the day of a fight is to look out for his friends. When he fought Doug Jones in Madison Square Garden he arrived at the back entrance with a whole mob of people and he braced the door open and just passed these people through under his arm, one after the other. The matchmaker, who was Teddy Brenner, tried to stop him, a lot of Garden people were pushing and yelling at him, and Clay said that if he couldn't get his friends in, well, that was that—he wasn't going to fight. Brenner knew that he wasn't fooling. So the mob got in."

When Ali returned he tried to take an afternoon nap. That was on his own schedule—to rest for three hours in the afternoon and rise just an hour or so before leaving for the fight. He could sleep quite soundly, he said, often with dreams that trailed off and changed so that he could never remember them, except that they were not about boxing. On this occasion he did not seem particularly anxious to sleep. Five or six people, most of them talking about his business affairs, followed him into his bedroom. Papers and folders were spread out on the bed for his inspection. He stripped himself naked and pulled a blue coverlet up to his waist. At one point he asked, "Does that mean I don't have to pay the taxes?"

A squabble started. Someone said, "It's a sub chapter 5 proposition. Nothing to it."

"Limousines," Ali said from the bed. "Can we make money buying into limousines?"

"The thing about the limousine business," someone said, "is that you got to keep the things filled."

Ali stared at him coldly.

A man recently appointed Ali's official business accountant kept spreading his hands and saying, "The time and the place, it is not here, please."

continued

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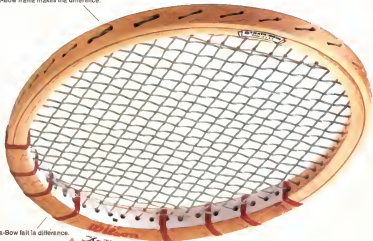
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"Right," said Dundee from the door. "Let the man sleep."

The crowd finally filed out, to Ali's evident regret, and the door was closed.

During his rest, cars kept arriving and departing, ripping ruts in the wet grass out in back. People wandered in and out of the cottage, hushing each other loudly to let Ali sleep, some of them sitting out on the back porch to gossip and stare at the brown lake, as still as metal that lazy afternoon. From time to time Bundini tiptoed inside to the bedroom and squeaked the door open a crack to see if Ali was sleeping.

"Is he sleeping?"

"No. He was lookin' at me."

"Why don't you let him sleep?"

"He don't have to sleep. He's just restin'. You can get more tired sleepin' than restin'. You see, the champ don't need to rest for conditionin'. He's got that. He's got four winds. Most people got two winds, but the champ's got four. But that don't mean nothin' if your mind's tired. He's in there restin' up his mind."

Bundini's real name is Drew Brown—the other's a Hindi name he picked up in his seafaring days, which he sometimes says means "mystic," sometimes "good-luck man" and often, when the occasion rises, "lover." He has been an associate of Muhammad Ali since the early "bear-baitin'" Lister campaigns. His is the slogan "Float like a butterfly, sting like a bee," and his particular function, besides his skill in the corner, is to keep Ali's mind keen and, as the time approaches, to pump him up for the bout, "light-talkin'" him with a strong mixture of emotion and a kind of Baptist rhetoric. He looks enough like Ali to be mistaken for a close relative, and he has a similar exuberance of spirit—to a degree that one of his associates refers to him as "hysteria on the hoof."

Bundini stood in the kitchen and talked about the fight. "He win, and it's medicine for everyone. He's sellin' pride. Medicine. And he sellin' it down here in Klan lan'. The ol' Slave Master is lettin' him rumble. He do everyone some good if he win."

"What about Governor Maddox? He tried to proclaim a day of mourning."

"It do him good, too. The mornin' after the fight he gets the newspaper. He takes it into the bathroom. His wife



The truck driver spun around, spotting for a fight—until he recognized who had goaded him.

is in there. They look at the paper. They whisper. 'He won.' 'He did?' 'He won in the second round.' 'Oh, my.' 'He come out, and after just six weeks trainin' he take the other boy.' 'My, he must be somethin'.' Well, when they whisper, man, you know they're human. The mission will get them."

"Does Muhammad Ali know he's on a mission?"

"Mission?" said Bundini scornfully. "Man, of course. What sort of a man goes huntin' in the big jungle and doesn't know what he's shootin'? My goodness!"

There was a commotion outside on the lawn. The Rev. Jesse Jackson of SCLC and Operation Breadbasket strode into the house—a tall, impressive figure in a buckskin jacket, with a Martin Luther King medallion as big as a wine-taster's cup dangling from his neck. He was greeted by a number of admirers, but his face remained passive and solemn as he moved through the cottage.

"He's a young prophet," Bundini said. "Prophets recognize prophets. That's why he's here. This place is sort of a

prophet place. The champ and me walk in the woods in the night, talkin' and thinkin' and throwin' stones, and you can look back and see the glow of the man, the shine of his eyes and his teeth."

Jesse Jackson came into the kitchen. He leaned against the sink, and it was evident that for him the fight that night was a symbolic event of tremendous significance. "If Cassius loses tonight, Agnew could hold a news conference tomorrow," Jackson said. "Symbolically, it would suggest that the forces of blind patriotism are right, that dissent is wrong, that protest means you don't love the country. . . . They tried to railroad him. They refused to believe his testimony about his convictions and his religion. They wouldn't let him practice his profession. They tried to break his spirit and his body. Martin Luther King had a song: 'Truth crushed to the earth will rise again.' That's the black ethos. With Cassius Clay all we had was the hope, the psychological longing for his return. And it happened! In Georgia, of all places, and against a white man."

continued

"Ain't it *sowerkin'*?" Bundini shouted. "The Master Painter from the Far Away Hills has arranged this. We're raisin' the flag!"

"So there are tremendous social implications," Jackson went on calmly. "It doesn't mean that Quarry is a villain. But the focus must be on Clay. He's a hero, and he carries the same mantle that Joe Louis did against Max Schmeling, or Jesse Owens when he ran in Hitler's Berlin. Injustice! In Atlanta, I have never sensed such electricity, such expectation in the streets. For the down-trodden, they need the high example—that their representatives, the symbol of their own difficulties, will win. Is that illogical?"

"What about the Frazier fight. If it ever happens?" someone asked.

Bundini said, "This fight is for the people. The night he fight Joe Frazier will be a different thing altogether. That fight will be for boxes and for himself, a personal thing. He win that and we won't have to live no more."

Suddenly Ali called from his bedroom. He was stirring and he wanted Bundini to come in and give him a pep talk. "Let's talk spiritual," he said. Bundini joined him. Their voices rose from behind the door. Bundini's was much the louder. The two were arguing. Ali was saying that he wanted a pure knockout that night: he didn't want the fight stopped because of a cut. If that happened, if he cut his man, he would go for the kill rather than exploit his advantage carefully. It would be dangerous, but at least, if he were successful, there'd be no question mark left in anyone's mind.

Bundini raged at him. "What are you talkin' 'bout? If you cut that eye you take that eye and you put it on the canvas if it's necessary, you hear? A champion got to expect that, you hear? Think of the Quarry camp. Why, that man open a cut on you and you think he say, 'Oh, my goodness, what a terrible thing! I cut him! I got to hurry up and knock him out.' Young man, you got to knock, you got to rumble. You got to get him in the first round. You got to stick him!"

Dundee opened the door and a few people crowded in to look at Ali. He was sitting naked on the edge of the bed. He reached for his pants on the floor and, rocking his body back and

then forward off the bed, he jumped into them with both feet going into the trouser legs simultaneously. He stood up in the same motion, hitched his trousers up and cinched the belt in. "Oh, my," Dundee said. He laughed. "And they've been telling themselves in Quarry's camp that he puts his pants on one leg at a time."

"I'm hungry," the champion was saying. "Tonight I'm going to eat me some ice cream and pie. But I dunno. It's so hard to run off that fat. Maybe I'll have some water and a cheeseburger."

He went into the main room and caught sight of Jesse Jackson. They jumped for each other and swung around the room shouting and hollering. Ali's face bright with excitement, Jackson's emotional and serious.

"He never smile, that man," someone said.

Bundini explained: "But you see, he's dyin'. All these people who have to march . . . the leaders . . . they're dyin'. Julian Bond, he don't smile, he blushes. A dyin' man don't offer up a big smile, but if he just twinkle a bit, that's a smile. If he just grunt, why you say, 'Oh, my goodness, he's kickin'.'"

The phone rang. Ali broke away from Jackson and rushed for it. "This is Ali. How you doin'? Chile, you be at the Regency at 9 o'clock. You'll be gon' to the fight. You and Mrs. Martin Luther King, I'm takin' you all."

Jim Jacobs had left the Jack Johnson film for him, and Ali set it going again. He wanted to see the early moments of it—the Burns fight, the Jeffries fight, and then a section in which Johnson intones, "I like champagne corks, the smile of a pretty woman. I like life and I like it now. I'm Jack Johnson and I'm the champion of the world. I'm black. They never let me forget it. I'm black all right. I'll never let them forget it!"

Ali relaxed in his chair, his hands folded over his stomach. From the doorway Jesse Jackson watched him intently.

"Jack Johnson, he won the title when he was how old?" Ali asked.

"Thirty," he was told.

"It will be 10 or 15 years before I'm threatenin' to be whupped."

It was getting dark outside. The champion began to yawn. "He's beginnin' to get that feelin' . . ." Bundini said.

"Sort of a stage fright—all these people comin' to see him fight. It changes

him. It's a different sensation. When I was at sea we used to call it the channel feelin'—the change, you know, and the feelin' of things gon' to happen when you're on the way out the river and you just begin to feel the motion of the sea."

At 7:30, a half hour before the scheduled departure for Atlanta, Ali ran the Johnson film for the third time. As the reel began to spool down, Ali clicked it off and stood up.

"Let's go to war," Bundini said, and they walked out to the entourage of cars and buses waiting in the darkness on the front lawn. Jesse Jackson rode with Ali in the first car. The caravan reached the Regency, and Ali stepped out and organized the loading of the buses. Mrs. Martin Luther King was late. She is well known for being late. Ali waited for 20 minutes, until he began to fidget and pace around, and finally he left a message for her. He was very sorry, he asked to have her told, but he couldn't stay and wait. . . . He had to go to a fight.

Ali's dressing room at the arena was small, not much wider than the length of the rubbering table set at one end, and only three or four paces long, hardly enough room, as Bundini said when he saw it, for Ali to exercise up some sweat. Dressing tables were set against opposite walls, their mirrors outlined with light bulbs. The first member of the contingent to use the dressing room had been Rahaman, Ali's brother. He had fought in a preliminary and stopped his opponent in the third round. He came bounding into the dressing room, smiling broadly under a black mustache. "I feel good—sharp," he said. He is swarthy and heavy compared to his brother, with a ponderous but effective punch. Out of boxing for two years longer than his brother, though a year younger, he had come out of retirement this past summer to see how he would fare. His trainer, Sam Logan, a stoutish, mild though nervous man who teaches French on the side, rushed in, and the two of them bulled each other around, kicking over a chair and yelling in delight. When he had calmed down Rahaman said, "Now it's time for Ali to cook." He seemed faintly put out to find that his brother had not seen his fight.

Rahaman was gone when his brother arrived, fresh from getting the two bundles of friends and hangers-on, packed

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to the roof, out onto the street and into the arena. He barely nodded when he heard of Rahman's victory. He arrived with an hour to go to the fight. Even before he got out of his street clothes he was moving around the room, snapping out the jabs and staring at himself in the mirrors. "This room's too crowded," he said. "I want room to rest."

The room was cleared except for the group he would take to the ring, plus two interns assigned to the fight and the Rev. Jesse Jackson. Ali stripped quickly. He pulled on a pair of white boxing trunks and turned slowly in front of the mirror. "I am the champ," he said softly. "He must fall." He tried out the Ali shuffle, his white boxing shoes snapping against the floor.

"Angelo," he said. "I'm not wearin' the foul protector tonight."

Angelo looked up. He and Bundini were having words in the corner. In the days immediately before the fight there had been considerable argument about the regulation foulproof belt. Ali wanted to wear a small metal cup rather than the leather device, which bulked out his boxing trunks and made him look, at least to his eyes, fat. But Dundee had insisted on the belt. He warned Ali that Quarry was not only a body-puncher, but had nothing to lose; he had been known to hit "south of the border," and it was crazy to take chances.

Bundini had packed the equipment suitcase two days before and checked it out twice to see if everything was there, especially the foulproof belt, which was red and had Ali's name on it. To his astonishment, the belt was missing when he opened the suitcase in the dressing room. He and Dundee, who thought Bundini had simply forgotten it back at the cottage, had a low but harsh exchange. Ali, shadowboxing in the rear, gave no indication that he was aware of what was going on. Perhaps there was no need to, since the belt was found under his bed the next morning.

Dundee opened Rahman's suitcase and produced his protector, a black model marked "Standard." Ali looked at it wanly. He turned to the mirrors and began some light shadowboxing, exhaling sharply with each punch thrown—a hard, distinctive, explosive snuffle. He does this in the ring as well, a habit common to many fighters and one which Ali has practiced from his earliest days.

continued

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Man in the Mirror

He compares it to the sharp exhalation that karate fighters make as they chop at their opponents.

Bundown was asked if Sugar Ray Robinson, always Ali's great idol, had the same habit. Bundown was out of sorts. He was angry about the protestor and worried that Ali would refuse to wear his brother's. "Nah," he said, "he didn't make no noise like that. He made faces. Every punch, he made a face."

Ali, still exercising very easily, stopped and left the dressing room for the laundry. There were 40 minutes to go.

On the way back he passed his opponent's dressing room, just a step down the corridor from his own. It had a hand-lettered notice: *NO ENTRY*—tacked to the door. Ali could not resist the temptation. He pushed the door open and peered in. Quarry was sitting facing him, his knees jiggling, and he looked up.

"Fellow," Ali said in a sepulchral voice, "you best be in good shape, because if you whup me, you've whupped the greatest fighter in the whole wide world."

He elicked the door shut before Quarry could come up with a reply, and back in his own dressing room he described what he had done with impish pleasure. It had been a ploy of a type that delights him—the unexpected materialization. On one occasion last year, driving through Queens with a reporter, he had stopped the car and uptoad up behind a truck driver changing a tire. "I hear you're talking around town that you can whup me," Ali said. "Well, here I is."

The truck driver's ears had turned a quick red, and he spun on his haunches to stand up. Then, seeing Ali and recognizing him, his jaw dropped and he froze in a curious half stoop, the tire iron clattering from his hand. Ali grinned at him and stepped back to his car. It was the speculation of what happened afterward that caught Ali's fancy; how the truck driver would come home that evening and look across the kitchen table at his wife and say, "Hey, Martha, I was changing a tire today . . . I know you're not going to believe this, but I was changing this tire . . ."

At five minutes of 10, with 35 minutes to go, Ali was lying on the table getting a rubdown from Luis Sarna, a melancholy Cuban who has been in Dun-

continued

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dee's employ for 10 years and does not speak a word of English. "Tell him to rub harder," Ali told Angelo.

With a half hour to go a representative from Quarry's camp—Willie Ketchum—turned up in the dressing room to oversee the taping of Ali's hands. Ketchum had a towel over one shoulder of his Quarry jacket, and his jaws worked evenly on a piece of gum. Ali's eyes sparkled. "Well, look who's here," he said. "You all in trouble tonight."

"Who's in trouble?" Ketchum said. He knew he was in for some badgering. "Your man's in for a new experience," Ali said. "He's up against the fastest heavyweight alive, quick and trim. Look at that." He slapped his belly. "Look how pretty and slim."

"You won't be when Jerry finishes," Ketchum said. "I know he's going to hit you."

"How's he gon' to do that?" Ali looked genuinely surprised. "Angelo, how can he get away from the job? How will he ever see it?"

Dundee shrugged. He motioned Ali to the rubbing table and began the taping of his hands.

Ketchum challenged Ali. "And if Jerry moves in on you, throwing the big ones? Ho ho."

"He gon' to get his right in the banana," Ali said crisply. "He never seen a right like that."

"If you beat Quarry tonight, you are the greatest heavyweight who ever lived," Ketchum said, and he added with attempted sarcasm, "Yeah, and if that happens I'll come in here and kiss you."

"Oh, my, no," said Ali. He looked at the taped hand Dundee had finished. "Hey," he said. "We will give you guys \$500,000, cash, if you let me put a horse shoe in my gloves."

Ketchum blinked. "Aw," he said.

Dundee finished the taping, and Ketchum leaned over and crisscrossed the tape with pen strokes. When he stepped back, Ali stood up and moved close to stare into Ketchum's eyes. Ketchum is a tall man; standing, they braced each other, like fighters getting instructions from the referee. "Look into my eyes," Ali said. "I'm the real heavyweight. I am the fastest heavyweight that ever lived."

Ketchum did not back down. His jaw kept moving as he chewed the gum.

"I won some money on you once,"

continued



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Man in the Mirror *ransomed*

he said "I bet \$50 at 7 to 1 that you'd whip Sonny Liston."

Ali began to turn away. "We'll give them a good show tonight," he said. "I couldn't pick no better contender."

"O.K., pal," Kenchum said. He cuffed Ali affectionately alongside the head and turned to go.

"Man, you had to get in one lick, didn't you," Ali called after him.

He turned back to the room. "How much time?"

"Twenty minutes."

"We're going to warm up on the ropes," Ali said. "We're going out there and lay on the ropes."

"Don't say 'we' when you say that," Bundini said. "You stick him fast, you hear?"

"Who goes into the ring first?" Ali asked.

"Quarry," he was told.

He lay down on the rumbling table, his head to the wall. One of the young interns leaned forward and harshly asked what he was thinking at that instant.

Ali began his litany. He said he was thinking about the people in Japan and Turkey and Russia, all over the world, how they were beginning to think about the light, and about him, and the television sets being clicked on, and the traffic jams in front of the closed-circuit theaters, and how the big TV trucks out in back of the Atlanta arena, just by the stage door, were getting their machinery warmed up to send his image by satellite to all those people, and how he was going to dance for them—"I got to dance," he said—all this in the soft, silky voice he uses when he does this sort of thing, almost the voice of a mother soothing her child to sleep with nursery rhymes.

"How about a verse?" the intern asked.

"Quarry sorry," Ali said.

The intern was delighted. "Hey, that's pretty short," he said. "How about another?"

"I don't have time to find a rhyme," Ali replied gently, and he went on with his thoughts, how finally he was thinking most of all of Allah, his God, the Almighty Allah who had given him so many gifts. He began to enumerate them in his singsong voice—a long, free-verse ode to carrot juice, to honey, to the things that grew in his garden and that he ate, never anything man-made that came in

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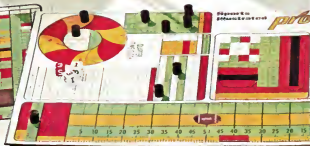
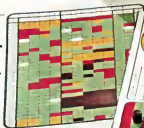
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cans, none of that stuff, but only what came fresh from the gardens, and then the woods in which he would run before the "cars were up" and their "poison," and he talked about how he would face East and thank the Creator for all of this, which had given him the strength to live right and to pray right. And he said that thinking of all that the Creator had done made it simple for him to look at Quarry and see how little he was, and how easy he could be whipped.

It was an odd sensation to watch this Ali pumping himself up, the final instants of fueling a vehicle that within minutes would touch off—like watching an Antaeus derive his strength from the ground.

His monologue concluded, Ali swung his feet to the floor and stood up. Fifteen minutes were left. Sarria applied a smear of Vaseline to the fighter's shoulders and started rubbing it into his torso. His body began to shine. A policeman stuck his head in, and the crowd noise, roaring at the entrance of some celebrity, swept in for an instant and made the blood pound before it was shut off by the door closing.

"They're waitin' for me to dance," Ali said. His feet were shuffling. Jessie Jackson put up a hand as a target and Ali popped a few jabs, snorting his sharp exhalations, and then he stopped and looked at himself in the mirror. "The Temptations are out there," he said. "The Supremes are out there. Sidney Poitier's out there."

He peered at himself closely.

"A hair comb, somebody," he said. He held out his hand behind him, blindly, as he continued looking into the mirror, and someone slapped a comb into his palm as one might supply a busy surgeon.

He moved the comb through his short brush, flaking at some wayward tuft, until Dundee approached with the foul protector and the boxing gloves, new and gum-red from their packing cases.

Ali balked at the protector. "I'm not wearin' that thing," he said. A chorus of dismay rose from around the room. "Just try it on and see," someone urged. Sulkily, Ali skinned out of his trunks and shimmied the protector up over his thighs. He palled the trunks back over them. A babble of voices rose.

"It looks just fine."

"Trim, man. Beautiful. Trim."

continued

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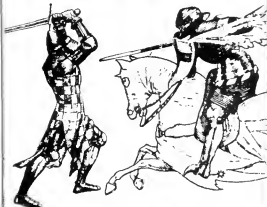


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Every week in
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.**



Ali began some knee bends, hands out, and every time he came up above the level of the dressing tables he turned to look at himself in the mirrors. Then he stood up and slapped at his trunks disgustedly.

"Where are my brother's trunks?"

"Champ, those trunks look just *fine*."

"Slim and trim, champ, slim and trim."

A pleading chorus rose from those around the room, concerned that Ali's main intention was to get rid of the offending foul belt. Ali skinned off the trunks. Dundee opened up Rahaman's suitcase, rummaged through it and produced a pair of white trunks with a black stripe down the side. Ali reached for them, put them on over the protector and turned slowly in front of the mirrors. Everybody stared at him.

"This is better," he said after a while.

A quick chorus of appreciation came from around the room.

"Right on, man."

"That's real trim."

"It brings your butt down just right."

Everyone was sweating.

"How much time?" someone asked.

"Ten minutes."

Ali began to shadowbox in earnest, throwing quick long jabs, flurries of combinations and big hooks that seemed to shudder the air in that tiny room. The onlookers flattened themselves back against the wall to give him room.

He stopped to wipe his shoelaces against the top of his shoes so they wouldn't flop. "Too loose," he said. "In late rounds they can get soggy and, man, I want to dance."

The gloves were put on and he began another flurry of punches. Murmurs rose from those standing along the wall. "Hmmm, cook," called Bundini.

Hearing that, Ali stopped suddenly and turned to Bundini. "Now I don't want you to be hollerin' in the corner, Bundini," he said, "and start to get all excited and shout things like 'cook' and all that. It takes my mind off things."

Bundini was furious. "What do you expect?" he shouted. "You expect me to keep my mouth shut when the cake is put in the oven? When all the preparation and the mixin' is done and it's time for the fire, you expect me to stand around with my hands on my hips? If I see you expect me to keep my mouth shut, you better kick me out of your corner and keep me in *here*!"

"All right, then, you stay out of the corner," Ali said. "You stay in *here*."

The two stared at each other, the enormity of what Ali had said beginning to hit Bundini pressed his lips together and seemed on the edge of tears. "Aw, come on," Ali said gently. "You can come on out."

He started up his shadowboxing, the episode quickly forgotten, once again concentrating on himself in the mirrors. Bundini wouldn't look at him for a while. "My goodness," he said. Sweat began to shine on Ali's body. "I'm warm now," he said, looking at Angelo.

The door burst open and Sidney Postner rushed in. Ali jumped for him and the two spun around the room in an embrace. "Sidney's here! I'm really ready to rumble!" Ali shouted. He held the slim actor off at arm's length and looked at him, elegantly got up in a tight, form-fitting gray suit. "Man, you exercise!" he asked admiringly. "Hey," he said, "give me a rhyme to psych Quarry" when we're gettin' the referee's instructions." He held up an imaginary microphone. Postner bent his head in thought, he had been caught by surprise. "You met your match, champ," he intoned in his soft voice. "... tonight you're falling in ...". He cast around desperately for a rhyme for "chump." "... you're falling in *rain*," he cried, giving up.

"That's terrible," Ali said. "Man, you stick to acin' and leave me the rhythm" and the psychin'."

Postner wished him luck armed the laughter, and disappeared.

Ali reached for a towel and began to rub off the Vaseline. "Is the ring nice?" he asked.

"Perfect," Dundee said.

"Is the closed-circuit system O.K.?"

"They say it is."

Outside, the noise of the crowd, impatient now, began to beat at the door. A big roar went up. "Quarry," someone said. "Quarry's gone."

Seconds to go. Ali stood *ammohole* for a moment, perhaps to pray, which is his habit, and Jesse Jackson hopped off the rubbing table and embraced him, almost trembling with emotion.

A knock sounded on the door. "It's time," a voice called. Muhammad Ali gave one last peek at himself in the mirrors, and he went out into the corridor, his people packed around him.

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Is Tuesday replacing Friday?

We yield to no man in our appreciation of Friday as a day for rejoicing. T.G.I.F. is a sentiment we've often shared.



But it seemed to many of us that the stretch between Fridays was lengthening. More and more, Tuesday was becoming the day when Friday appeared an impossible dream.

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Thank goodness.



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The Scotch that made Tuesday famous

The Combers of Jacobs Beach

They hung out on a stretch of sidewalk near Madison Square Garden, waiting for fighters to make them rich

by FRANK GRAM JR.

Do you want to go to the Beach today?" My father's question did not send me scurrying for trunks and an inner tube. In our household of nonswimmers, the word "Beach" was always mentally capitalized, for it meant headier stuff than the sea, sand and sun of more commonplace vocabularies. My father, who was a sportswriter, simply was asking me to tag along on one of his professional visits to a stretch of sidewalk on New York's West Side. Here on 49th Street, west of Broadway, with Eighth Avenue and the now-defunct old Madison Square Garden looming up at the end of the block, lay that land of boxing gossip, unflinching hyperbole and broken dreams called Jacobs Beach.

It was an enchanted strand during the late 1930s for a boy just growing old enough to be allowed to watch prize-fights in the flesh. On nice days clusters of jowly men with stomachs sticking out to here would stand around in front of the ticket agencies that lined the block. Jacobs Beach took its name from Mike Jacobs, who used to promote fights from his ticket agency on West 49th Street before he moved into the Garden.

Walking along the block, I was likely to see broken-nosed men with broad shoulders and perhaps a piece of tape stuck over a gashed eyebrow. If I had visited one of the small fight clubs the week before, some of those stolid faces might be familiar. The chances always were good to see more celebrated fighters too—Jack Dempsey, Jim Braddock, even Joe Louis—as they walked along the Beach toward the Garden. Dempsey and Braddock, though their reigns had ended, still shared the "Champ" title with Louis in the greetings called after them by adlers on the Beach.

But a boy's education was furthered not by staring at the fighters but by listening to their managers. The talk in those clusters on the sidewalk was lively and incessant.

Mike Jacobs himself seldom was part of these talkations. Apparently he was much too restless to stand still that long. But on the day of an important fight he could be seen darting back and forth along the Beach, monitoring the pace at which tickets were being snatched up.

Two prominent figures on Jacobs Beach were Eddie Mead, a successful manager, and Eddie Walker, who worked for him. Walker often was point-

ed out along Broadway as the man who wore Damon Runyon's new shoes to break them in for him. Mead dropped dead on the Beach one afternoon, immediately after being told that Liquid Lunch, a horse he had bet on, had won the first race at Belmont Park, paying \$16.10. But until that particular curtain was rung down, these two entertained the mob with their stories.

"Did you see the ring Mead gave me?" Walker asked a gathering one day. On the middle finger of his right hand was a platinum ring set with a diamond.

"Is that the ring you threw at him last month?" another manager asked.

"Yes," Walker said, "and a hat. Remember the hat? He gave me this ring and a \$40 hat. One of them hairy hats. But I got sore at him one night and I took off the ring and the hat and threw them at him. He didn't say anything, but he poked them up, and the other night he gave me back the ring."

"After that he tried to pick a fight with me. I think he wanted the ring back. But I wouldn't fight him, because I might not get it back again."

"What became of the hat?" a manager asked.

"Mead is wearing it," Walker said. "But I didn't care about the hat. It didn't fit so good."

Johnny Attell, who had been part of boxing for many years as a fighter, a manager and a matchmaker, always had a story to while away the afternoons on the Beach.

"I learned how to make matches from the best matchmaker I ever had around here," he said. "I mean Lew Raymond. He knew a good match when he saw one and he knew how to deal with managers. One thing he never did was to drive a hard bargain, because he always said if you drove a hard bargain the manager would go back and tell the fighter he was being gypped and the fighter ei-

ther would try to run out on the match or he would make a bad fight.

"Lots of times I saw Raymond give a manager more than he asked for, just to put him in a good frame of mind and get the best out of his fighter. And when he was being hard pressed for terms he had a trick that almost always worked. He and the manager would get to a point where it looked like there was no fight, and then Lew would unhook his watch chain from his vest and hold it out.

"Here," he'd say, 'take my watch and chain if you want. Take anything I got. But I can't give you that extra 2%.'"

"That usually would clinch the deal. But one day after a long tussle with a manager he said to me, 'I will never do business with that guy again because he's no good. Do you know what he did? When I held out my watch and chain he tried to grab them!'"

Attell learned quickly when he was working for Raymond.

"Flyweights were going good around here at the time," he said, "and we matched Ernie Jarvis, an Englishman, with Wee Willie Woods. Just an hour before I start for the fight club they call me and tell me Jarvis is dying. They had him in a doctor's office and Raymond and I rushed over there, and there he is. He is laying out on a table, and he looks as if he is dead. He ain't dead, but he is nearly dead. The doctor says it is acute indigestion. Can you imagine how we felt? It's the night of the fight and we have a good sale and this fellow is dying.

"It seems he ate pickles and milk in the afternoon. Cucumbers, he called them. I ask the doctor if there's any chance of saving his life, and if there is, can he fight that night. The doctor says he don't know.

"I dash over to the club and leave Raymond there with him. The crowd is com-

continued

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Jacobs Beach

ing in very good and I am on the phone telling Raymond how good the sale is because I figure this will make Jarvis feel better. I know he don't want to blow that dough any more than we do. I kept calling up and saying, 'They just sold some more seats.'

"And I can hear Raymond saying, 'Listen, I'm... they just sold some more seats. The house looks very good.'

"I hang up and don't hear anything for a while. All of a sudden in comes Jarvis with Raymond on one side of him and his second on the other side of him. They're holding him up and it still looks like he's dying.

"I'm all right," he is mumbling.

"He's all right," Raymond is saying. "We fixed him up. We put a stomach pump on him."

"And you know, he goes in there and fights--and wins the fight. But can you imagine a guy eating pickles and milk on the day he is fighting?"

Most of the mob on Jacobs Beach seemed to consider the fighters of that day an uninteresting lot. They talked about themselves or the fighters they had managed in the long ago. Before World War I Eddie Harvey had been co-manager with his brother of a great little fighter named Owen Moran. It had been a stormy relationship.

"Owen was a cocky little guy from England," Harvey said. "Mention a fighter to him--any fighter, no matter how big--and he'd say, 'I can lick him. Get me a match with him.'"

"If the fighter was an Italian he'd say he never saw an Italian he couldn't lick, or if he was a Negro he'd say he never saw a Negro he couldn't lick, and so on. I was having lunch with him one day just after he'd come over here and he asked me who we'd matched him with.

"Tommy O'Toole, one of the best featherweights in the East," I told him.

"Mind you, Moran was out of Birmingham but his people were Irish. But he says, 'I'll murder him. I never saw an Irishman I couldn't lick.'"

"That was too much for me. He had a hottle of ale in front of him, and I reached over and grabbed the hottle and I said, 'Is that so? Well, here's one Irishman you can't lick!'

"I was going to bust him over the head, but my brother grabs me and takes the hottle away and yells, 'What's the matter? Are you crazy?'

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"And I say, 'No, but I'm sick of listening to him. I hope O'Toole knocks his brains out!'"

They told the story on the Beach about a struggling manager who had tried to convert "a large marshmallow" into a champion. Through long hours in the gym he patiently taught the young man all the proper moves.

"But the kid did them like a monkey, not knowing why he was doing them," one of the mob recalled. "He was matched with a pretty good puncher this night, and he made all the right moves for a couple of rounds. Then the puncher nailed him right in the mouth. The kid went back on his heels. You could see he didn't know what to do next. There was this second of silence in the fight club, and then somebody boomed from the rear rows: 'Now turn to page eight!'"

Harry Lenny was just such a manager. For years he worked with a young giant named Ray Impellittere. Lenny would talk for hours about the Imp,

There came a time when other members of the mob slipped off the Beach when Lenny came in sight; they were not able to take any more of the Imp. Yet Lenny believed implicitly in the skill of his fighter and in his eventual success. His faith persisted through repeated disasters. One night Lenny left the Garden after having seen the Imp flattened by Bob Pastor. His despondency lasted only until he saw a newspaperman on the Beach.

"What are you going to do now?" the reporter asked him.

"What do you mean?" Lenny asked indignantly. "We're going after the title. Just name *one* fighter who can lick the Imp!"

The reporter was about to mention the licking he had just seen Impellittere take in the Garden. Then he thought better of it, shrugged and moved off down the Beach.

But a fighter could claim just so much devotion from his manager. The mob used to kid Joe Gould about the even-

ing he quit on one of his own fighters.

"Joe had a fighter named Nat Pincus," a boxing writer said. "Pincus was fighting at Dexter Park one night and it began to rain. Joe ducked under the ring and stayed there until the end of each round. He'd look out at me and ask me what his fighter was doing and I'd tell him, and then he'd climb up in the ring at the end of the round and bawl the guy out."

"That's right," Gould laughed. "I heard a bang over my head and I said, 'What's that?' And he says, 'Pincus just got knocked down.' A minute later there was another bang and I says, 'What's that?' And he says, 'Pincus is down again.' I am almost tempted to come out from under the ring no matter how hard it is raining, but then I hear another bang and all of a sudden I get wise. It's thunder."

When I walk west along 49th Street nowadays, I miss something other than the lights and the cries from a vanished arena.

END



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PART III

A vivid picture
of Stalin's death
scene, the bizarre
plotting that led
to the overthrow of
Police Chief Beria



PART IV

The quarrel with
China and a fresh
view of Mao, what
Khrushchev really
did to cause the
1962 Cuban crisis

No Russian leader — until now — has addressed history with intimate and personal reminiscences spanning his life and that of the Soviet Union itself. Next week LIFE begins publishing, in four installments, the reminiscences of Nikita Khrushchev, that many-faceted man who climbed from a peasant boyhood all the way up the Communist Party ladder to sit as an equal with the world's heads of state. In 1953, when he first gained the Party Secretaryship, he became the most important figure in the Soviet Union, from 1957 until 1964, as both Party Secretary and Premier, he was absolute master of one of the world's two superpowers. During those years he was a vivid, colorful and dangerous figure to the West. Since he was overthrown six years ago, he has lived as a "prisoner" in a modest dacha 15 miles southwest of Moscow.

The document excerpted by LIFE, to be published next month in book form by Little, Brown and Company with the title *Khrushchev Remembers*, is written in the first person. It constitutes an insider's view of Soviet leadership over three decades, and it incorporates a denunciation of Stalin's abuses which is all the more convincing since it comes from a loyal Soviet citizen. Khrushchev himself explains why he is finally speaking out: "I tell these stories because, unpleasant as they may be, they contribute to the self-purification of our Party. I speak as a man who stood for many years at Stalin's side. As a witness to those years, I address myself to the generations of the future, in hope that they will avoid the mistakes of the past."

In his introduction to *Khrushchev Remembers*, Edward Crankshaw, the British scholar and foremost Khrushchev biographer, writes, about this document: "To anyone who had listened to him in the days of his prime, or read his speeches in Russian, there was no mistaking the authentic tone. So what we have is an extraor-

the first publication of a unique historical document

KHRUSHCHEV MEMBERS

dirary, a unique historical document. It is the first thing of its kind to come from any Soviet leader of the Stalin and post-Stalin eras. It takes us straight into what has been hitherto a forbidden land of the mind. And for me the vapreint interest and value of this narrative lies in the unconscious revelation of the underlying attitude—the assumptions, the ignorances, the distorted views, which must be shared to a greater or lesser degree by all those Soviet leaders who came to maturity under Stalin.

"What Khrushchev does not do, perhaps cannot do, is provide the clue to his own astonishing transformation from one of Stalin's most reliable henchmen into the international figure who, toward the end of his career, was showing signs of wisdom of a really superior kind. The qualities were not suddenly added to him; they must have been latent all the time, when, to all appearances, as a determined Party professional, sycophantic toward his master, bullying toward his subordinates, maneuvering round his rivals with deep peasant cunning, he was visibly distinguished from the others only by a certain liveliness of imagination, a warmth of feeling, a sturdy self-reliance, and at times the recklessness of a born gambler."

What Khrushchev does do, and this adds a whole new dimension to our knowledge, is reveal the morbid world of Joseph Stalin from a new vantage point. Just as important, Khrushchev also reveals his own fascinating personality: the young man who joined the Communist Party at 24 and fought in the Red-White civil war of 1919-20, the dedicated Party worker who at first served Stalin slavishly and enthusiastically involved himself in the Party infighting which led to the terrible purges of 1936-38, the civilian autocrat of the Ukraine who gradually became aware that his brutish chief in

Moscow was, as Khrushchev says, "not quite right in the head!"

Khrushchev does not attack the present Soviet leadership. Nor does he discuss his own fall from power in 1964, but the fact that it was bloodless was a radical change from the days of Stalin. He is 76 now, an old man diminished by sickness. He had a mild heart attack earlier this year, and was reported only two weeks ago to be back in bed. When he is up and about he tries, on doctor's orders, to walk two hours a day. Usually he saunters off to a nearby trade union rest center to chat with ordinary Soviet citizens. In his home he sits and listens to the radio, reads *Pravda* and the military history of World War II, spends long hours with his family and grandchildren—and remembers.

Did Khrushchev intend this manuscript to be published in the West? We do not know. Having taken every possible precaution to verify ruthlessly, *LIFE* is certain that this is what Khrushchev wanted to say—to somebody, somewhere—in the knowledge that his time had come and gone, and with the conviction that he had a legitimate place in history. The system which made him, and which he had helped make, discarded him in the end, yet his was an extraordinary achievement all the same. He was something of an original in the Soviet Union, a political leader who really could dream great dreams, and for that Mr. Crankshaw salutes him: "It was one of Khrushchev's greatest achievements that with all his intermittent saber-rattling, his deep poems, his displays of violence, he nevertheless broke out of the Stalinist mold and made it possible for the Western world to hope that a measure of coexistence, more complete than he himself was yet ready to conceive, might one day be realized."

Khrushchev's story is illustrated with many intimate and hitherto unpublished pictures.

Beginning in

LIFE

next week

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

NUMBER, PLEASE

Sirs,

Dan Jenkins' article, *Two Gods Too Many* (Nov. 9), was great writing of a tough story. Never has anyone walked the tightrope so eloquently.

DICK RAAB

Worthington, Ohio

Sirs:

As a Notre Dame fan who bears in mind that Dan Jenkins has allowed his dislike for Parseghian-led Irish teams to prejudice previous articles, I anticipated that *Two Gods Too Many* would be a song of praise for Ohio State and Texas and something worthy of a defamation suit by Notre Dame. However, much to my pleasant surprise, I found that Mr. Jenkins has put together the best proposition yet on the unanswerable question of who's No. 1.

DAN PENNITTE

San Francisco

Sirs:

You can't fool me, SI! While Dan Jenkins names no team as best in the race for No. 1, there's more than one way to skin a pigskin. By using a voting system of 3, 2 and 1 to rate the positions of the pictures of the three teams as well as the sequence in which they are mentioned (directly or indirectly) throughout the article, one will find that Texas gets seven firsts, 18 seconds and two thirds for 39 points; Ohio State garners 13 firsts, five seconds and nine thirds for 58 points, and the lowly Irish pick up seven firsts, four seconds and 16 thirds for 45 points. SI should stop pussyfooting around and just come out and say that Texas is No. 1!

ROBERT H. FAUNT

Austin, Texas

Sirs:

Congratulations to Dan Jenkins. He gave all three schools the recognition they deserve. But, as everyone knows, after the bowl games OSU will be all alone at the top.

R. A. YONZ

Kent, Ohio

Sirs:

It is odd that the Fighting Irish fan you quoted sees it more clearly than Mr. Jenkins: "It's Nebraska in the Orange Bowl that worries me."

MARK LUTSPEICH

Lincoln, Neb.

Sirs:

I enjoyed your story. I hope Notre Dame and Texas get by their "big tests," USC and Arkansas, respectively. Stanford beat

both, and if Stanford beats Ohio State in the Rose Bowl, it just might be very easy to pick the No. 1 team.

MICHAEL J. MILANS

Englewood, Colo.

Sirs:

Two Gods Too Many was a very good article. A playoff would be the answer.

BOB HANNA

Auburn, Mass.

HAIKY AND HUMAN

Sirs:

The Mad, Mad Painter of Louisville (Nov. 9) by John Underwood was one of the best and most humorous articles that I have read in your excellent magazine. It is very pleasant to read about a young, new and successful coach like Lee Corso who is doing an excellent job of enhancing the University of Louisville's football image. I have a strong feeling that Mr. Corso and his painter warrant close observation.

WILLIAM G. CALDWELL, M.D.

Los Angeles

Sirs:

Ever the enthusiastic, energetic, voluble, young-at-heart, gentlemanly molder of men, Lee Corso apparently hasn't changed a bit since I met him during his stint as an assistant coach at the U.S. Naval Academy. Everyone felt he would make a helluva head coach. Thanks to SI for letting us in on the vibrant world of Scott Marcus and his mentor, Lee Corso.

THE REV. ROBERT A. UZZELLO

Church of the Assumption
Westport, Conn.

Sirs:

Being married to a coach has expanded my interest in sports. I enjoy SI but never have I enjoyed an article—even in *McCall's*—as much as *The Mad, Mad Painter of Louisville* by John Underwood. The combination of the author's literary wit with Coach Corso's basic, enthusiastic wit and Painter Scott Marcus' hair has provided a piece that should be required reading for every woman who feels that sport, football in particular, is less than human and enjoyable. Thank you.

DULCIE McCracken

Long Beach, Calif.

NO BUST

Sirs:

All too often we are prone to make comments without doing our homework. Sometimes we act out of frustration under stress. Perhaps that was the case when Cincinnati Coach Bob Cousy, whose bustling Royals

haven't been able to crash the win column often, wanted to know what Jerry Lucas was "doing the last nine years—before he went bankrupt" (SCORECARD, Nov. 9).

Lucas has only been in the NBA since the 1963-64 season when he was Rookie of the Year. He is only the second player in NBA history to average both 20 points and 20 rebounds in a single season. He was MVP of the 1965 All-Star Game and a member of the All-NBA first or second team each season until the 1968-69 season, after which he was traded to San Francisco.

More important to the Royals, however, was the fact that his teaming with the great Oscar Robertson helped Cincinnati win more games from 1963 to 1968 (when new people began to direct the Royals' fortunes) than any other NBA club with the exceptions of Boston with Bill Russell and Philadelphia with Wilt Chamberlain. The NBA career of Jerry Lucas hasn't exactly been a bust.

PIPER WILSON

Cincinnati

TAMED IN THE WEST

Sirs:

In his article on hockey's Plager brothers (*Don't Bother Hating a Player on the Heat*, Nov. 9), Mark Mahovoy implies that fans in Vancouver are made of so much melba toast and milk punch because the sight of an opposing player bleeding onto the ice does not send them to Olympian heights of ecstasy. Vancouver may be new to the NHL, but it is not new to hockey. In past years the Canucks of the Western Hockey League played here, and their fans were renowned for being quiet, restrained and the most knowledgeable in North America. They committed the ultimate heresy of applauding a well-done play by the visiting team. They could also give a good hoo to the hometown fellow who fluffed a play.

The fact that the Pacific Coliseum is not peopled with the burly types swigging Canadian Club and throwing popcorn and dead fish onto the ice does not detract from the Vancouver fans' enjoyment of finesse hockey. One would hope that by the end of the season the Vancouver fans will still regard a bleeding Plager with "silent sympathy." One might also hope that the fans in such raucous arenas as St. Louis, Boston and New York will take a lesson from the fans of the new team way off in the wild and woolly West.

ROBERT F. WALKER

Spokane

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